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· AUSTRALIA'S

OCTOBER 1, 1988 No.701 $2.20

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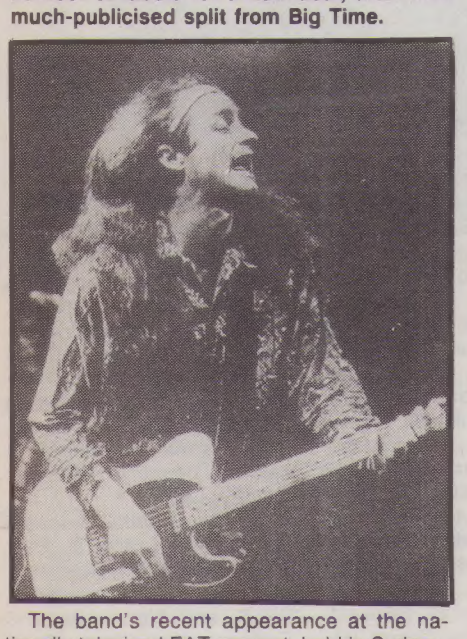
NEW GURUS OFF TO JAPAN

Hoodoo Gurus (complete with a new bassist) will be playing a one-off date in Japan, early next month, for a special youth charity concert. They will then return to Australia to start work on their next LP.

The Gurus' management confirmed last week that the band was negotiating with a number of labels for a new deal, after their much-publicised split from Big Time.



The band's recent appearance at the nationally televised EAT concert, held in Sydney, saw the debut of new bass-player, Rick Grossman (ex-Divinyls and Matt Finish).

No formal auditions were held by the band for the vacant spot, they just "checked with people that they knew and whose talents they admired," a spokesperson said last week. "Rick was extremely suitable for the spot."

The band are doing three dates in Melbourne this week, before travelling to Japan, after which they're not expected to tour again until at least early next year.

Dave Faulkner says he met Grossman when they were both staying in the same hotel in the US.

"He was only a nodding acquaintance really," Faulkner reveals to *Juke*. I'd met him in New York once when we were at the same hotel as Divinyls and later at a radio station contest, Rock Whiz on Radio 2JJJ in Sydney.

"I'd had Rick in my mind from the start. I thought of him pretty much straight away. It was then just a matter of getting things tied together, seeing if we related musically, and it was good.

"Mark (Guru's drummer Mark Kingsmill) and Rick play well together historically. They played in a band together way back *(Hellcats in 1977 — Ed.)* and he's really good at keeping Mark honest. 'Cause Mark, you know, he was never really pushed by Clyde, whereas Rick is sort of keeping Mark, well, really tight; it's really solid. It's great.

Faulkner opines Bramley left because he couldn't handle the "stress of it all".

"He'd just get depressed and drink and, you know, it wasn't doing him any good, it wasn't doing us any good. So basically he just left . . . he lost his girlfriend in the period of the last spate of touring. She got involved with someone else, so it kind of took the edge off it for him."

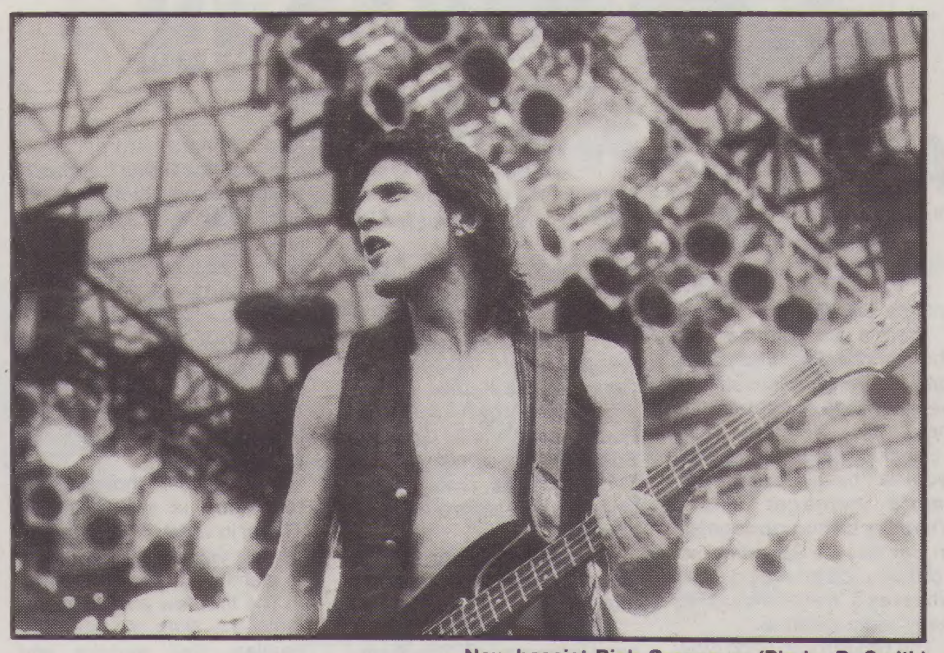
Faulkner said Bramley was asked to join The Johnnys at one point when Graham Hood left, but rejected the offer as he did not wish to be again involved with a full on touring band.

"I think he's probably looking for something a bit lower key. He was doing The Wigmen thing with Damien Lovelock *(the lead singer of Sydney band The Celibate Rifles who recently released his debut solo album)* for a while, but that's such a temporary thing and he probably would do that again too, but I believe he just got a part time job like um, working as a courier for Telecom for a month, just to keep the money rolling in. Also stops hi;m being bored to death I suppose."

The split was amicable?

"Oh yeah, it's probably better for him now than in the last three years, I'd say. All the pressures gone, you know, and we can sort of relax and have a drink and I see more of Clive socially than I ever have, cause the band doesn't usually hang out together 'cause we're not that kind of band. We kind of leave each other room to move so when we're not forced to work together we're quite happy to hang out together — sort of ironic."

Bramley's split with the Guru's came at a time when the Hoodoo Gurus had been steadily touring for the last two years. In that time. the band had commercial success with the albums *Mars Need Guitars* and, more recently *Blow Your Cool,* the latter including "What's My Scene," somewhat of a Guru's anthem.



• New bassist Rick Grossman (Pic by B. Smith)

Blow Your Cool did not well as many copies as *Mars Needs Guitars* and critics tended to suggest the Gurus had, well, blown its cool.

Dave Faulkner is not phased. He sees the reaction to all the band's albums equally.

"I don't know what the reaction was really, it was different everywhere and for different people. All our albums got pretty much the same reaction which has been fairly much like they've come out, people have bought them and writers have written what they've said and it's been fairly much *'yes we like it/no we don't like it'* at the same time. Something like 12 months later they start telling us what a great album we made.

"*Blow Your Cool* sold as many as the others, it sold really well. I think *Mars Needs Guitars* is probably still in front of it as far as sales go in Australia, but it had 18 months head start. As far as international goes, it's the biggest-selling album we've done."

How big is the band overseas?

"We're still on the *trying-to-make-it-list stage.* We're not really on the level of financial security of anyting. No INXS stories here. We just basically have a lot of jams and we go and play and we make money doing it, so that's enough for us."

Faulkner says the band will record an album in November for release in February or March next year. He said the Hoodoo Gurus' members may produce it themselves, a first for the band.

"I've just started writing now actually," says the former lead singer of the Beagle Boys, a successful Perth band of the lsate 70s. "I've been taking it a bit easier over the last few months. It wasn't until we really got Rick in the band that I started to feel like writing songs anymore, which is sort of funny you know. I spent the rest of the time kind of having a holiday and then dealing with the legal business which we had to get out of the way.

"We got rid of our record company *Big Time,* because basically they didn't pay us royalties so we just sued them to get out of our contract and they tried to maintain that we were still bound to them and the court agreed with us. Then they tried to appeal against that the the bench of the appeals court agreed with us as well and Jack threw the out of court so we're clear of them."

— SCOTT HOWLETT/BYRON SMITH

Hush "reform"

Rick Lum, former bassist with mega-popular Oz band, Hush, is currently putting together a band designed to recreate the magic of the Seventies outfit.

Lum isn't trying to pretend that the new Hush will be the same, especially considering he'll be the only original member, but he says that the project has already created considerable industry interest at a time when 70s music is making a big comeback.

• Rick Lum in Hush's golden days

"When the band folded in 1976, I was very tired of the business, but I've never stopped playing. I thought it would be a good time to get a band together, play some new material and some of the old hits, which will be rearranged, but still retain their original essence", Lum said last week.

Hush was originally formed in 1970, by English-born singer Keith Lamb. Along with Lamb and Lum, the band featured lead guitarist Robin Jackson (later replaced by Les Gock), drummer John Koutes (replaced by Smiley Pailthorpe) and keyboardist Chris Nolan. Hush were extremely successful, achieving nine gold albums, one gold and one silver single. Hits included "Boney Maroney" and "Glad All Over".

Former member Les Gock, is now making a respectable living as a jingle writer in Sydney. Smiley Pailthorpe is a real estate agent, whilst the last that was heard of Keith Lamb was when he was admitted to a psychiatric hospital, after being found unfit to face a $4 million fraud charge, early last year. Lamb was charged with writing a cheque for $4 million, despite only having $200 in his account!

In the new Hush, Rick Lum will be moving from his original bass-playing role to rhythm guitar. Other members confirmed for the outfit are lead guitarist Terry Batu (ex-Cobra), drummer Peter Morely (ex-Target) and Scott Abraham (ex-Prophecy).

Pulse

Underworld Down under

Welsh band Underworld, who've had hits here with the songs "Glory Glory" and "Underneath The RAdar", will be in Australia for club dates next month.

The three-man core of Underworld (Karl Hyde, Rick Smith and Alfie Thomas) have been together for eight years, firstly as a post-punk outfit called Screen Gems and later as an off beat & arty group called Freur. They were later joined by the rhythm section of Baz Allen and Bryn Burrows and signed to Sire/WEA Records, through which they released their debut LP *Underneath The Radar* last year.

Underworld have recently toured Europe and America and will play their first date in Australia at the Bunbury Hotel, Bunbury, on October 25.

Further dates are:

October 26 — Club Terrace, Fremantle, WA
October 27 — The Stadium, Perth
October 28 — Old Lion, Adelaide

October 30 — 21st Century Dance Club, Frankston, Vic.
October 31 — The Palace, Melbourne
November 2 — Sheilas, Nth Sydney
November 3 — The Venue, Dee Why
November 4 — Tiffany's, Blacktown
November 5 — Bankstown RSL
November 8, 9 — St James Tavern, Sydney
November 10 — Newcastle, (Venue TBA)
November 11 — The Roxy, Brisbane
November 12 — Chevron, Gold Coast

• **See full Underworld feature on page 9**

Abba bootleggers hit while the 70s iron is hot.

The Abba/'70s revival is now reaching such proportions that an Italian bootlegger is cashing in by releasing an unauthorised LP by the mega-platinum Swedish band who broke up some years ago.

The LP *Take A Chance On Us,* has been distributed throughout Europe and reportedly selling well. It is expected to trickle into Australia within weeks.

Take A Chance On Us features unreleased live and studio cuts. The Italian company calls itself Eagle Records but there is no address on the sleeve.

Stig Andersson, former Abba manager and now head of the band's own Polar Records, has asked European authorities to find the Italian bootlegger and take action.

"We bought this album in Holland, where it was selling for $25." he said. "I have no idea how the bootleggers got hold of these tracks, though possibly they came from radio broadcasts. But two of them are private recordings that were never on sale.

"One of the two tracks was a recording made specially for me by Abba to celebrate my birthday.

"Obviously, because there have been no new Abba albums for the last four years, the bootleggers saw the opportunity to cash in. There must be many Abba fans ready to pay a lot of money for previously unreleased Abba material."

In the last six months there have been rumours of Abba reforming for a LP and world tour. If the speculation was true, possibly the existence of the bootleg might speed up reformation plans up considerably.

BARBED WIRES

Edited by CHRISTIE ELIEZER

A couple of rather questionable jokes are making their rounds in the music biz.

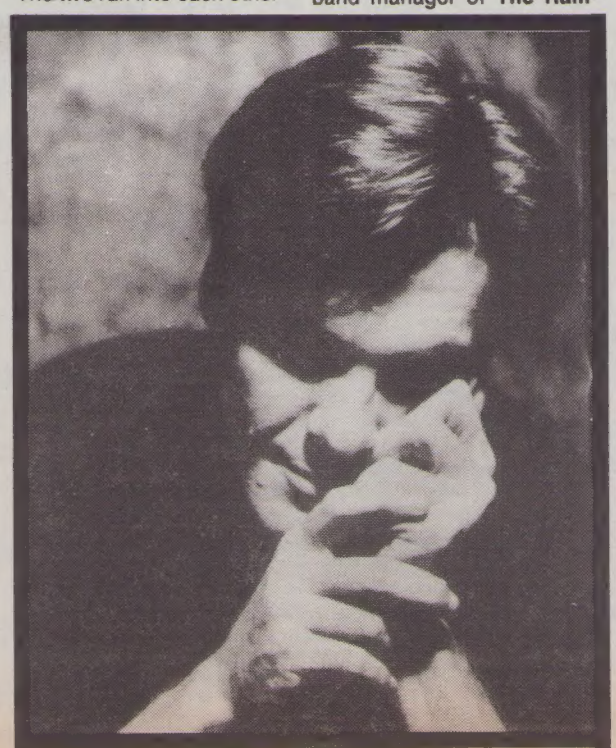
Q: How do you turn a duck into a soul star?

A: Put it in the microwave until its **Bill Withers**.

There's also another one about **Michael Jackson** in the bath blowing Bubbles but we've got too much taste for that.

• Speaking of which, **Ian Meldrum** lambasted **John Farnham's** manager **Glenn Wheatley** on his pop segment on *Hey Hey It's Saturday*, particularly concerned with Wheatley's ownership of so many radio stations.

The two ran into each other in a club later that night after the show was taped, and a loud argument ensued. The next day, when the segment went to air, Meldrum's outburst had been snipped out.



Don Walker's band Catfish is about to emerge from a long silence with a new single called "Early Hours" from the upcoming Catfish LP. Aside from Dave Blight's harp, the track also features James Brown's rhythm section. We're not sure what the song's about, because the hapless bloke who was despatched to get a quote from the great man rang him up at an unearthly (early) hour and Walker hung up on him and went back to sleep.

Dear, dear, what *was* it that **Molly** said? Was it really libellous?

• **Angry Anderson** has been roped in to be singer for **Party Boys** on their current tour. **John Swan** had his liver pricked by one of his ribs and had to be taken off to hospital.

• After **Mick Jagger** and band played a surprise gig to 400 fans who had paid $6 to the Kardomah Cafe in Sydney to hear **The Brothers Of Sodom**, *Barbed Wires* can tell you that another club has been approached in Melbourne as a possibility to do likewise when the tour hits the south. See page 25 for the Kardomah show.

• Congrats to **Annie Lennox** of **The Eurythmics** who secretly married her boyfriend, Israeli film maker **Uri Fruchtmann**, whose child she is expecting at the end of the year. So secret was the London ceremony that no one in the rock scene knew, although **Dave Stewart** turned up suddenly during the wedding reception to wish the couple well.

• **Whitney Houston** currently doing Bible classes to make her eligible to be a priest.

• Despite the fact **Ultravox** has been slumbering for quite some years, **Midge Ure** has suddenly announced his departure from the outfit.

What's more, we're told that the rest of the band will continue without him. OK, one more knees-up rendition of "Vienna", just for old time's sake.

• In a quest for "artistic credibility", etc., **Sabrina** is actually taking guitar lessons.

• On a recent four-hour documentary on late '60s music on Canberra's KIX-106, it was discovered that Treasurer **Paul Keating** and **Dr Geoffrey Edelsten** (ex-owner of the **Sydney Swans**, among other things) had something in common.

They were both involved in the Australian rock scene in the '60s.

Yep, Hatchet Boy K. was a band manager of **The Ramrods**, and The Doc was a record producer.

• **The Chantoozies** were in Sydney to shoot the video for their new single "Kiss And Tell" when **Ally Fowler** found herself dumped in hospital with a nasty stomach complaint. But with the film crew booked, the 'Toozies went on with the shoot . . . Fowler sneaked out of hospital for two hours, appearing on a hospital bed complete with drip in hand, and then sneaked back.

• When **Motley Crue's** drummer **Tommy Lee** celebrated his birthday, his singer **Vince Neil** gave him a cigarette-vending machine stocked with Marlboro hard packs.

• In America **Gloria Estefan & Miami Sound Machine** "1-2-3" is a rare record whose title predicted its chart fate. The song peaked at No. 1 on the AOR charts, No. 2 on the Hot Crossover charts and No. 3 on the Hot 100.

• Because of te controversy surrounding *The Last Temptation Of Christ* movie, has the soundtrack LP been scrapped?

• Latest game show on US television is called *Triple Threat* in which celeb parents pit their wits against their kids to identify all types of songs.

The first few episodes featured the likes of **John Sebastian**, **Neil Sedaka** and **Fabian** battling it out with their sons.

• Melbourne's **These Future Kings** have a new member, **Jennifer McCutchen** on viola and vocals.

• **Roddy Frame** currently on a "driving holiday" on the Greek Isles . . . driving the locals mad, is more like it.

• **Heaven 17's Ian Craig Marsh** and is lady went out in the countryside to walk their labradors, when the mutts discovered and distrubed a wasp's nest. The wasps were not overly impressed about being disturbed, stung the dogs and pop star and girlfriend had to make a very undignified retreat into a nearby stream until the pesky things flew off.

• A stink has blown up over **The Primitive's** latest single there "Way Behind Me" where prospective buyers were enticed to buy the disc with the offer of a sachet of bubble bath accompanying the disc.

Now this is a dodgy practise at the best of times, but it back-fired on The Primitives and their English record label RCA. The single was supposed to be No. 25 on the charts but waddled in only at No. 39.

Naturally, the band blamed everybody else for the poor showing, hysterically accusing the record label of not placing enough records in the stores and yapping about stories of a suppliers van breaking down before it got to the stores. They also blamed the official chart compilers Gallup of "fiddling" with the figures because they were annoyed with the bubble bath giveaway.

However, the official explanation is that the fans went in and bought the record in throngs in the early part of the week, but tailed off at the end of the week — typical case for an indie band with a small audience.

• Didja know that **Metallica's** **Lars Ulrich** and **Kirk Hammett** quietly got married to their long time girlfriends earlier this year?

Ron Wood and Bo Diddley celebrate the release of their new live LP, cut in New York during a US tour. Ron also has his book of illustrations out in Australia in November.

• Somone threw a raw chicken at the stage as a present during a **Bros** show.

• **The Pet Shop Boys** snaring busty **Barbra Windsor** for their new film is not the first time rock musicians have expressed interest in somebody from the brilliant *Carry On* series.

Morrissey had approached **Charles Hawtrey** to appear with him on the "Sunday" vid but was told to shove off. The Big M got his revenge by crooning in front of a TV show which had Hawtrey appearing in it!

The Timelords had also asked the late **Kenneth Williams** but were also turned down. Incidentally, Kenneth's mum's living in desperate poverty these days, because Kenny thought mum would die before him and therefore made no provisions for her in his will.

• Channel 7's *Olivia Downunder* TV special had disappointing ratings.

• A benefit called *Rock Till Ya Drop* is being held for the NSW Royal Flying Doctor Service, to be held at the Cowra Showground Pavilion on Friday October 20. Admission is $10 donation (or $5 if you buy on the night at the door).

Bands appearing include **Beam Me Up Spock**, **Apocalypse**, **Cliff Hangers** and **Hot Diggetty Dog**. No alcohol permitted.

• Whoops! Remember we said that **Frankie Goes To Hollywood** had a new singer called **Edward Love**?

Seems he had a big bust up with the lads a day after he joined. See *Pulse* for further info.

• **Madonna** has recorded a song for a *Tribute To Elvis* LP.

• **John The Beast** from the now-defunct Adelaide HR band **Escape** is about to crunch his way back into the spotlight.

He's been working on a rock opera that features his new band **Bretheren Productions** in the main roles. As the opera won't be seen until February/March, the Bretheren members are going out as **The John The Beast Band** for an east coast tour, kicking off in early November in Adelaide.

• At the end of a Melbourne show by Geelong hardcores **Mental Abuse**, the audience chanted for bassist **Gary Sims** to slash himself. Finally one punky type jumped on the stage, startled the bass-plucker by kissing him, and shrieked "you *are* **Sid**!"

Meantime, fellow Geelong hardcores **Board** have a cassette coming out through Caveman Records followed by a mini-LP for Grown Up Wrong.

• In between **Church** dates in America, guitarist **Marty Willson-Piper** has been doing some solo acoustic shows presenting songs from his solo LP *Art Attack*. Accompanying him on the shows has been **Andy Mason** who produced and played on *Art Attack*.

Art Attack has stormed the Australian independent charts and is also in the US college charts, getting good reviews. One of them came from one **Keith Goetzman** of the *Twin Cities Reader* who called Marty "a 12-string affi-cianado with a brain and a heart, he's created an exquisite collection of songs that brim with passion and vigor."

• When **George Michael** played Detroit, **Aretha Franklin** came out onstage to duet on their chart topping single "I Knew You Were Waiting".

• Didja know **Rolling Stones** guitarist **Ronnie Wood** owns his own nightclub in Miami called Woody's?

• Three members of the **Vinnie Vincent Invasion** are quitting the band. All of them for "musical differences".

• At a charity auction for local community organisations in Martha's Vineyard in Massachussetts, two bidders offered $26,000 each to have **Carly Simon** sing in the privacy of their own homes.

Simon fans who don't have that kind of money will have to contend with her upcoming *Greatest Hits Live* LP or the new LP due out in March/April. Carly has been working on the theme song for the new **Mike Nichols'** flick *Working Girl*.

• British band **Wonder Stuff** have recorded a song to **Rick Astley** on their new LP called "Astley In The Noose". It's not supposed to be a tribute.

• Manchester's **Happy Mondays** are such ardent fans of the Manchester United Football team that they each forked out $60 for a coach, match tickets, a beatbox to dance to on the terraces and lottsa booze.

• Brisbane's *Metal Massacre '88* is being held at East Leagues Club on October 1 with two Melbourne bands **S.A.S.** and **Lightforce**, and Brissie outfits **Gypsy Rose** and **Iziah**.

Since forming in the autumn of '84, M.O.B. has held 11 "metal holocausts" and brought 22 metal bands from around the coutry for Brisbane headbanger consumption. Contact heavy metal club president **Ian Busch** on Brisbane 379 2501.

• A scrapbook kept by original **Beatles** drummer **Pete Best** was snapped up for $35,000 at a London auction by a collector bidding by phone from Japan. The 30-page book included newspaper cuttings, handbills and letters from the very early Beatles days.

Meantime **Ringo Starr** lost a bid to stop the sale of an old Beatles drum skin, saying it was his property. But the court ruled it belonged to London businessman **Brian Mearns** who put it up for auction cos "I need the money" and got $65,000 for his troubles.

In Melbourne, a suit which belonged to **John Lennon** and won by a 40-year old Englishman at a card game in Liverpool, has disappeared. The guy lived in Frankston and kept the $4,000 worth of suit in his wardrobe.

• Canberra's first video festival, titled *Well Sampled*, wound up its four days of showing wares by young Australian indies and o/s competitors, with an Acid-Scratch dance-party which brought together the city's hip-hop community. Graffiti artists, rappers and scratchers performed at the party while DJs **PMC** and **Duncan** played the latest dance tracks . . .

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INTERNATIONAL, OZ TOURS

U2: track by track

U2 release the double-album soundtrack to their *Rattle & Hum* film on October 10.

On Island, it features nine new songs and six live tracks recorded during their Joshua Tree world tour, all taken from the film which will open in Britain soon afterwards.

The soundtrack runs for 72 minutes — which fits onto one CD — but will sell for less than the normal double-album price, at U2's instigation.

The full tracklising is:

'Helter Skelter' — the Beatles song, live, from Colorado.
'Van Diemen's Land' — a tribute to Irish poet Boyle O'Reilly, it was recorded in Dublin earlier this year with The Edge on vocals.
'Desire' — record in Dublin this year .
'Hawkmoon 269' — a new song record in Los Angeles with Bob Dylan on Hammond organ.
'All Along The Watchtower' — a live version of Dylan's songs recorded at the Save The Yuppie free concert in San Francisco.
'I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For' — a gospel version live from Madison Square Garden with New Voices Of Freedom featuring George Prendergrass and Dorothy Terrell.
'Silver And Gold' — a live version of the song Bono wrote for the *Sun City* anti-apartheid album from Colorado.
'Pride' — live from Colorado.
'Angel Of Harlem' — recorded at the legendary Sun Studios in Memphis with the equally legendary Memphis Horns, who helped define the Stax soul sound of the '60s.
'Love Rescue Me' — from Sun Studios, co-written with Bob Dylan who sings backing vocals.
'When Love Comes To Town' — from Sun Studios with B B King on guitar and vocals.
'Heartland' recorded in Dublin with Brian Eno on keyboards.
'God Part II'' — a new song recorded in Los Angeles.
'Bullet The Sky Blue' — live from Arizona.

'All I Want Is You' — recorded in LA with string arrangements by Van Dyke Parks plus Benmont Tench from Tom Petty's Heartbreakers on keyboards.

In addition there are two tracks that don't feature U2 — Jimi Hendrix's version of **'Star Spangled Banner'** used by U2 as a concert intro, and **'Freedom For My People'** by New York Street duo Sterling Magee and Adam Gussow.

A single from the album, **'Desire'**, was released by Festival on September 19. But the B-side, 'Hallelujah (Here She Comes)' featuring Billy Preston on keyboards, is unavailable elsewhere.

There's also the book of the film of the soundtrack — *U2: Rattle & Hum* published overseas by Pyramid on October 20. It's an account of the Joshua Tree world tour by Steve Turner and Peter Williams.

But rumours that the band are just to take to the road once more and join Bruce Springsteen, Peter Gabriel and Sting on the Amnesty International Human Rights Now! world tour were firmly scotched by the band's management last week. But the band is expected to tour here early next year.

Garrett takes a break from "dirt-bag" politics

Former Nuclear Disarmament Party federal candidate Peter Garrett is not likely to rejoin the political arena for some time, his manager said recently.

Manager Gary Morris said that politicians "haven't reached the intellectual level that Peter (Garrett) would be appreciative of".

Morris said in full: "I think Peter is looking at spitting out the dialogue to the world's media and exposing where he can, Australia's wrought.

"The party syndrome is real dirt. It's dirt policy 'cause it's dirt bag throwing. Australian politics just hasn't related an intellectual level that Peter would be appreciative of. There's very little intellectual capacity in Australian politics. The people that he (Garrett) does have a peer relationship with are not really established politically at this stage. So until these people start to position themselves I doubt very much whether Peter would actually want to sit down and have any sort of conversation with half the politicians that are running the place."

Meanwhile, Midnight Oil is resting in Sydney, according to a CBS Records' representative, before returning to the US for another tour. The band is expected to be in the US until the end of the year, the CBS representative said.

— SCOTT HOWLETT

Another Frankie breaks-out alone

• Paul Rutherford

Paul Rutherford leads the Great Frankie Breakout when he releases his first solo single, 'Get Real' shortly.

And the Frankie co-founder has enrolled Martin Fry and Mark White of ABC for his new career as a House musician.

"Because of the bad situation surrounding the end of the Frankies, I did, at one point, consider leaving music altogether," says Paul. "Then I got into House and discovered everything was possible.

"House seemed closely allied to punk which I was also heavily involved in. It is exciting to simply get up and do it myself; create a new pure dance music."

Rutherford's album, featuring five collaborations with Fry and White, will be out in late Spring.

Which is earlier than Holly Johnson, whose departure from Frankie sparked their demise in a blaze of High Court publicity as he and the rest of the band gained their freedom from UK label ZTT.

Johnson has been recording with producer Steven Haig and according to his spokesperson will put out a single and album early next year. But there are dark rumours that Johnson has already had arguments with his new label, MCA, who allegedly aren't yet satisfied with the tracks.

Meanwhile, The Lads have been working with ex-Fashion vocalist Dee Harris.

"We've had a lot of interest but there's no rush," manager Tony Pope said. "We've got the basics of an album done — which is a progression from 'Liverpool' — and hopefully it will be out next Spring."

But they haven't yet chosen a name.

Vinyl phase-out as CD sales rise

The vinyl long player is on its way out — and within the past year most record companies in the US have begun deleting LPs from their catalogue reissues.

As demand for CD and cassette rises, this trend seems bound to rise.

Albums still account for 10-20% of the US sales, but record shops have been cutting down on their LP orders, so the record companies are responding by eliminating vinyl on titles that do not sell more than a specific amount.

The anti-LP move first began with classical and independent releases. Today, only the biggest selling classical titles are released on LP form.

In the pop field, Motown took the first major step when it stopped manufacturing LPs some years ago. But it was only this year that the majors like CBS, RCA, WEA and EMI started, and PolyGram are expected to do likewise next year.

But the labels hastily explain that this move is not an attempt to wipe out the vinyl LP altogether, but just to get rid of the slow moving LPs.

Said RCA's marketing executive: "We don't see a fast demise of the LP at this point. There are a lot of turntables out there and people who are using them."

Another explained "It would be foolish for us to keep in our (LP) catalogue a title that sells 200 LPs and 2000 cassettes."

But already reissues by the Beatles, Beach Boys, LRB, Willie Nelson, Bob Seger, Lou Reed, Jose Feliciano, etc. have come out on CD and cassette only.

US shines on Sunnyboys

Sunnyboys' new mini-album *Too Young To Despair*, due to be released here by Christmas, is already arousing interest in America.

The mini-album is set for local release in the States, having attracted considerable attention at the NY New Music Seminar earlier this month.

The Sunnyboys' reformed last year and proved to be a popular live draw, selling out shows around Australia.

Forthcoming NSW dates for Sunnyboys are:

October
2 — Players, Avalon Beach
6 — Banjos, Gladesville
7 — Fannys, Newcastle
11 — Tracks, Epping
12 — Warilla Bowls and Recreation Club
13 — Underground, St James Tavern
14 — Cumberland College
15 — Electric Ball Room, Ermington Hotel

GREETINGS FROM NEW JERSEY! Pt. 1

The wait is over, the new Bon Jovi album is almost upon us. PAUL ELLIOTT flies to New York to talk to Jon and Richie about how to remain small town boys while wrestling the pressure of following up the mega-success of "Slippery When Wet"

Jon whips up the crowds (pic by Marty Williams)

THE BIG wheels of the Bon Jovi machine, having barely stopped turning throughout a fallow commercial year, are now greased and ready again to roll into overdrive.

A small yet select apartment off New York's Central Park doubles as home for manager Doc McGhee and nerve centre of McGhee Entertainment Inc.

Besides Bon Jovi, McGhee is also famed for pedding Motley Crue, The Scorpions and, according to the law courts, the occasional 20-ton shipment of marijuana.

The walls drip platinum. Business hasn't quit booming in years.

Expectations of Bon Jovi are as high as the sales returns for *Slippery When Wet*, the groups' third album. Following two moderate sellers, *Slipper's* sugared hard rock sold over eight million in North America alone.

SLUMPED WEARILY behind the razor polish of the absent McGhee's office desk, a heavy-lidded Jon Bon Jovi insists that they felt no pressure when it was time to write new material.

"There wasn't a conscious effort to follow it up. Of course, there's a fear, but it's not for monetary reasons — I mean, how much money does a guy need? It's because there's no high like knowing you can do three Madison Square Gardens just in a f...ing phone call. It's ludicrous. A dream.

"The high is to play to a sold-out arena full of people who enjoy your music. I faced that reality at the beginning of the *Slippery* tour.

"We went to Japan and we figured, Aww, no problem, we'll do the Budokan." He pauses for effect and laughs. "It was a f...ing stiff! It was gonna be a half house, so I did anything I could to get kids in there.

"You realise that you'd give all that money back to fill that hall. Mondey don't mean shit! It was a humbling experience, that one."

The new record sounds spunky vibrant, anything but strained. It doesn't struggle to ape *Slippery*. Was it really that easy to make?

"Yeah, it actually was," nods guitarist Richie Sambora, louder and more animated than Jon, in a cool but ill-fitting big hat. "We did it live, most of it. And quick."

"We were demoing before Christmas," adds Jon.

"Yeah, we're *sick*, man!" Richie laughs. "We had 17 songs written between November and December."

BON JOVI are the smalltown rock'n'roll band magnified by success, floating corporate megabucks yet clinging tight to their roots, their identity and their sanity.

Following 16 months of euphoria, boredom and fatigue, the *Slippery* tour kicked its last in November of '87 in Hawaii. When they finally slipped the cuffs of delirious public attention and shook off the road fever, Bon Jovi turned to home.

Their forthcoming album is titled *New Jersey*.

"The album was gonna be called *Sons Of Beaches*," Jon gurgles, "and we had all these other wild tiles like *68 And I Owe You One*, all this nasty shit that was humorous in a way, but it parodied *Slippery* and would have left us pigeonholed. People would have said, Oh, these guys are chasing comedy now.

"Simply by calling it *New Jersey*, it'll do what *Slippery* had to be a black album cover with raindrops on it. It was supposed to be this great pair of tits with us and all these girls on the back, but nobody would let me do that."

They were doing you a favour.

"And now, two years later, I realise that what that did was leave the words *Slippery When Wet* open to your imagination. So it was only as nasty as you thought it was. It could be tits, or it could be a road sign! Great!"

Yeah, it's that fine line, to paraphrase Spinal Tap, between clever and stupid. That little twist.

Sons Of Beaches was great for the hands-up-in-the-air anthem stuff, but maybe it didn't say, Christ, these guys have got a helluva lot better writing songs. And short of *Bon Jovi 4* this is as close as we can get to saying, make up your mind."

Is *New Jersey* intended as a roots record?

"No, it's just simply, here's who we are. People are gonna say, Bruce! Bruce! Bruce! Well, as far as I know, he ain't governor yet!

"Just cos Bruce said, I'm from Asbury Park, New Jersey, everybody forgot that so did Frank Sinatra, Eddie Murphy, Whitney and so many others."

Jon counts Springsteen, Southside Johnny and Little Steven as definitive Jersey music — "Plus a lotta lesser knowns who never got a break."

"Even Sinatra," adds Richie. "His New Jersey attitude definitely carries through. Even in his movies!"

"Stallone, too," Jon continues. "Jersey's not a place, it's an attitude. And it's not a better place than London or New York, it's just where we grew up. It's not the most beautiful place in the world — it's got some shit too.

"When I was a kid, all I wanted to do was get the f... outta New Jersey! A one-way ticket to here was all I could think about.

"It took me a coupla world tours to realise how much I longed to be at home, to be with the people and places I know."

There's no attempt to put those feelings into words on the records, however. *New Jersey* isn't a *Nebraska*, it isn't a document or a reflection of the feel of the place.

"Certainly not," Jon shrugs.

Richie: "It doesn't go down that deep."

New Jersey is little more than a place-stamp.

"With *New Jersey* as the title of the record, it was to let people know that, OK, this is where we're from, and now you know!" Richie deadpans. "It says a lot about our personality, about what's important to us — friendship, sticking to your guns, having a good time . . . down on the beach."

So that's Bon Jovi? Five beach bums, each with "a party in their pocket"?

Richie laughs long and hard.

"Well, New Jersey guys grab their dicks a lot!"

"You gotta have a lighter side, man," Jon smiles.

"What are you writing — beach music?

I mean, f..., there's hypodermic needles coming up on the coast. If I don't ever have a chance to go to the Jersey shore again, I wanna remember in the way I did as a kid. Man, it was like . . . cotton candy and sausage sandwiches and bikinis and winning a record on the boardwalk."

"It was special," purrs Richie. "It was the best time on Earth, man!"

Jon: "I don't want to think about the bad shit that's happening to it. No. I don't *like* what's happening there now. I'd be the first guy to donate money to a cause to help fix it up, but I'm not gonna reflect that in my songwriting right now. I feel too good about life."

IT SEEMS Jon Bon Jovi wasn't born to sing the blues. He'd sooner get drunk on nostalgia than bite on reality.

New Jersey's realities are grim.

"It's a ghost town," spits Jon. "It's disgusting."

"Life," adds Richie, "is f...ing Asbury Park up."

Jon: "It's a shame. The Jersey shore is a cool place. It's a lot like Brighton. Not much of a boardwalk, a coupla rides on it, but there was an attitude down there."

Asbury Park may be choking to death, but as ghost towns go, it's pretty hip!

"Now, being from Jersey is fashionable cos we made it fashionable. It wasn't a conscious effort, but now people go, I'm from Jersey! I stopped in Newark airport!

"I'm not here working for the governor, either, it just happens to be the name of a f...ing album!

"I shoulda called it *Bon Jovi 4*" he chuckles with a shake of the had.

"As much as we're trying to say nothing by the *New Jersey* thing," concludes Richie, "I guess it does say something."

BLENDING INTO the boisterous grooves and sunshine tunes of *New Jersey* is Bon Jovi's characteristic romanticism, the eternal optimism typified by 'Livin' On A Prayer's promise of a better tomorrow.

The LP's two ballads are more sweet than bitter, while '99 In The Shade' remembers Asbury Park without a pang of sadness or regret.

Photos this page: Byron Smith

"I've never consciously chased an image for the band. We're not from LA so there's no big hairspray concession — Jon Bon Jovi

"Frank Sinatra's New Jersey attitude carries through, even in his movies!" — Richie Sambora

Almost without exception, Bon Jovi's music rolls out the good times sooner than linger on the shit of everyday life. And as Jon points out, that's maybe no bad thing.

"We mention the shit, but what I always got from rock'n'roll as a kid was the dream of something bigger and better. You can write negative things — this is a negative world. But, for one thing, rock'n'roll is entertainment, and when people turn on their radio on the way home and they're sitting in traffic and the song makes 'em a little happier, maybe they're not gonna get out with a f...ing gun on the 405 and blow somebody away.

"I wanna bring people a little smile. Maybe the guy's mind will wander as he's in the car and he'll think about his old lady who's at home. or maybe he goes home in a good mood and he don't smack the kids when he gets there because of that.

"By saying we're fun. I'm not saying (puts on goofy voice), Gee golly, we're a fun band! I'm saying, Christ, think about better things! There's enough shit in the world, let's brighten it up just a little bit with a smile for a minute."

"I think that eternal optimism is important in life," stresses Richie. "To remain a child, to see new things every day. If you don't have that optimism, you shut yourself off."

Jon: "You're dyin'. If you're not optimistic, you're dyin'."

JUST WHEN they were shaping up into a potential major label tax loss, *Slippery When Wet* turned Bon Jovi from near-stooges into stars.

The ensuing tour was a marathon. It seemed like suicide, hell on wheels. Now, the next touring year begins in Dublin this November and expected to hit Australia in late summer. Surprisingly, Richie has had no trouble in psyching himself up for the circus.

"It's the prospect of how long this motherf...in' tour's gonna be, that's what gets ya!"

What did you learn about each other on that last tour?

"We got to be a better band, and we got to be closer as people. No matter how close five guys can be, you get closer.

"You know a little bit more about everybody. You know about . . . their socks! You love each other a little bit more. You hate each other a little bit more."

Do you ever get lonely?

"Not lonely!" Jon laughs. "I can't get people outta my house!"

Has there been a moment though, over the past couple of years, when you'd have traded all the success and glitter for your anonymity?

"F..., no!"

But *New Jersey* is sleeved in a plain cover design. There is no group picture, back or front. Is this then an attempt to play down the image of the band?

"I've never consciously *chased* an image for the band," Jon insists. "We're not from LA, so there's no bit hairspray concession. Where we live, it's us. There is nobody to keep up with and there's nobody trying to keep up with us.

"It's like Def Leppard. They're from Sheffield and Joe Elliott lives in Dublin now. Who the f... walks around those places in high heels and makeup?! That stuff doesn't happen. Def Leppard are what they are; I hope you like it. And that's exactly what we're doin'."

Do you have reason to regret being such high profile public faces?

"We could be a lot higher, if there was a conscious effort. You don't see my face in the papers constantly, or at parties. I don't feel comfortable doing it."

So how do five regular Jersey guys deal with adulation on a daily basis?

"Uh, shit," Richie shrugs. "I don't even think about that, y'know?"

Jon: "It's hard for me to think that I'm that guy. Maybe it's low self-esteem! I still think that way about people I admire. In fact, when I got here they told me that Mick Jagger was just down the hall at his dentist's office. I went, Shit, I wish I'd met him."

What's the view from the top like? Scary?

"Different. We're the same ol' dudes in new shoes."

"It's neat, man," froths Richie. "It's fun, but you gotta know how to surf up here!"

Jon: "It doesn't suck!"

Richie: "But it can eat you up. As much as success is a Godsend, it can be an evil. We watch out for each other."

Do you feel that you closed ranks as the band grew more successful?

"No, I don't think we ever closed ranks. I guess, though, that this record *is* a view from the top. It's basically what we reflected on in our lives, and what meant something. And New Jersey means something . . . "

NEXT WEEK: PART TWO
The track by track breakdown of 'New Jersey' with Richie and Jon.

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TRANSVISION VAMP

"we're a cross between Blondie and The Clash!" they tell Stu Coleman

They lived up to the promises. Last year they were tipping them to be the new Blondie, for singer Wendy James to be the marketable sexy young blonde thing of the late '80s.

It took them a while to get in the game, though.

Their debut single "Revolution Blues" caused a lot of excitement in the offices of rock papers in Britain but radio didn't agree. Still, they managed to sell 22,000 copies and it did get to No. 1 in Czechoslovakia.

They withdrew to lick their wounds, recharged their batteries and crashed with a cover of Holly & The Italians' "Tell That Girl To Shut Up", which did the trick for them in their home country earlier this year.

But in spring '88, Tranvision Vamp are flying up to the Australian charts with "I Don't Want Yoour Money Honey, I want Your Love," and a lot of red blooded bronzed surfer types are getting very excited about Ms James.

Wendy herself isn't surprised by the band's success although she's not exactly obnoxious about it either.

"I think Transvision Vamp are definitely a reaction to the Stock Aitken & Waterman regime which is ruling the charts. Music is so very nice, isn't it?

"It's being designed and manufactured for families sitting around the television at six o'clock eating their tea. There's no challenge left. Our music prods you in the back and says 'listen to this or we'll blow you away!'

"A lot of people in the media like us but we don't want fame at any price. The Primitives, Big Audio Dynamite and Sinead O'Connor are working with us against the system. Look at Sinead. She's a little skinhead who wears big boots and tells people to f--k off, but she's sold more records than Patsy Kensit."

Transvision Vamp don't claim to be original — they just steal the BEST riffs and give it a bit of excitement.

The Transvision Vamp story in the English seaside town of Brighton four years go.

Wendy James, a former child opera star born to Norwegian parents, was singing in a club singing songs by poet/songstress Patti Smith.

"Patti's my all-time favorite singer. She was a rebel, wild, not very pretty but had real character and spirit. They branded her everything from 'naive' to 'conniving' but she wasn't either — she was a sharp lady who was telling people around her 'don't try and pull the wool over my eyes, baby' because she's not the kind of person you can mess around with.

"When she got the urge, she just dropped everything, left New York and went off to Detroit to paint and make babies. No one told her what she could do."

Anyway, it was in this club where Wendy was living out her Patti Smith fixation when she was spotted by guitarist Nick Christian Sayer.

Afterwards they met up with the other Vamp personnel, Dave "Chopper" Parsons and Tex Axile, whom they saw spraying graffiti around London's fashionably rundown Ladbroke Grove area.

Transvision Vamp's debut LP *Pop Art* was named in tribute to pop designer Andy Warhol.

"He made a huge amount of money doing the most banal things, and taking the piss out of them. He took a very large average every day situation and made it very glamorous."

Do you think there'll ever be anyone like him?

"Oh of course! He's not there any more, so there's this great big space for people to come along and make lots money from doing something banal and taking the piss."

Who'd be most likely to take the space?

"It's been done! Heard of Kylie Minogue?"

On the album, there's an excerpt of a telephone conversation that Warhol had with somebody. How did that happen?

"I stole it from him! Ha! I was working as a waitress at a place called Nell's and he used to come down there. I used to serve him tea and get into chats with him, get his confidence and pow, I taped the conversation."

Wendy's hoping to play the part of one of Warhol's hangers-on, a starlet called Edie (correct spelling) Sedgewick, who was also a peroxided blonde and who led a wild and reckless life before dying from drugs.

Wendy is attracted to people like that.

She's chuffed that there's a story (probably exaggerated by the American gossip press) that Mickey Rourke sleeps with a photo of her under his pillow. She likes Rourke but thinks Sam Shepard is the guv'nor.

"I think Mickey in *Barfly* is brilliant. A lot of people misunderstand that film, because it's got no story, no end, beginning or middle, but of course that's what it's all about. I like the attitude of Bukowski (Charles Bukowski, the original 'Barfly') — he didn't care what people thought of him or his writing, he just liked to get pissed, screw women and write his stories. He didn't crave for respect."

Like Transvision Vamp?

"We'd rather be more subversive. Take a TV show like Comic Strip. They get all this great stuff over on prime viewing time, shows TV up for how mundane it is. We're a cross between The Clash and Blondie — we want to take rebel rock into the Top 40."

UNDERWORLD

Robbie Coates phones up Alfie Thomas and finds he is not bald, he's just got see-through hair!

Underworld have two hit singles "Underneath The Radar" and "Glory Glory", helped along by their Moving Camera videos. Their LP's gone Top 10.

The band is about to embark on their first ever visit to Australia, so I thought it'd be timely to put a call to London to speak to Alfie Thomas, the guitarist who could pass as Peter Garrett's kid brother.

Turns out Alfie and the rest of the Welsh band are eagerly awaiting their trip down under. It's drizzling in London and Alfie says he's just washed his Bermuda shorts in anticipation of getting some swimming done when they visit our sunny climes. . . and it was so cold in London they wouldn't dry !

Are you at home at the moment?

"At the moment I'm in London, yeah, but I'm in an old office of our manager's. . . its four bare walls and a mattress and we're borrowing his phone, so to speak. I live with friends, so at the moment I haven't really got a home ! Do you know of any?!"

Well, no. Has the band been touring much over the last few months?

"Yeah, we've done quite a bit this year actually. We did a couple of tours of America, the last one was seven weeks in these clubs and things, playing to the public and oh, that was *sensational*. . . actually meeting the people who go out and buy albums. It's incredible. I've never known anyone that rich ! (laughs) No seriously, it's really nice to meet the people who buy the records and will bother to come along to the gigs and say hello to the band. It's really nice. We've had a great reaction there and also in Germany as well. We've done a short stint up in Germany and the reaction there has been much the same. . . very enthusiastic and it's very gratifying for us, as a band, We consider that we work pretty hard on our music and it's nice to have a pat on the back from the right people."

Can you recall any funny incidents from the tours you've been on over the lst few months?

"I can recall one funny incident. . . when all the gear worked for the whole show ! (laughs) It was really hilarious!"

Freud said that everything you and I do, springs from two motives the sex urge and the desire to be great. The song 'Glory Glory', is basically about people doing things with an ulterior motive of obtaining some level of glory... . . wanting to be great. Is that the reason yo became a musician?

"I could agree with you on the business about 'Glory Glory', yeah, it is about that. . . about a person who's got an over-anxious ambition. I don't know if I could say that applies to me personally though. The reason I'm in this business is because I really enjoy the work that I'm doing: making music, writing and being involved with people who I've got a lot of respect for and who I admire tremendously.

"So really, the only thing I ask myself is 'do I enjoy the life that I lead' and the answer is 'yes'. I don't sorta look into it too deeply and try to analyse and break-down the whole thing, because then it becomes to clinical. You can't analyse a friendship, after all and the whole band is based around that friendship bond anyway. If we didn't enjoy each other's company, then we just wouldn't be playing together and that's the truth for most bands I'm sure."

The album's peppered with references to God and there's even a song called "Pray" and another called "The God Song". Are you a religious person Alfie?

"No. Not in the sense that we're Bible-bashing prophets and we want everyone to come to Jesus ! Not in that sense, no. But there's a religious aspect in it, in the sense that it's about a faith of some kind and the message through the music is that anyone who has faith enough to believe in themselves and their best friends, then they'll pull through. Because it takes an optimist to pull through".

Do you believe in the after life?

(long pause) "Dodgy question. . . dodgy question. At the moment, no, but I'm open to persuasion. I could let you know if you like. . . after I'm dead I'll write you a letter and tell you all about it !"

In Australia, a recent survey revealed that Christianity was on the decline and eastern religions were gaining in popularity. Does that surprise you?

"I think that's brilliant news, 'cos any faith which helps people to get through the day and brings them closer together, is fabulous. I don't care if it's Islam, Muslin (sic) or whatever, because all the religions are based on love and love is the strongest power of all, after all. It's the emotion which heals and it's the emotion which inspires people and without wanting to sound too sentimental and things, I'd say that any kind of religion is a good thing, as long as it encourages love".

Having listened to the LP a lot, I am very curious to find out about the track which follows "The God Song" at the end of side-two. It simply sounds like a tape recording of footsteps and natural ambience. What's the recording of and why was it included on the album?

"It's a recording of us playing around in the London underground. It's a particular tunnel which runs underneath London and I can't remember the name of it, but it was a recording that we wanted to do, of ambience and yeah, it is footsteps going down the tunnel. It's actually Karl and Rick, walking and I'm there as well, doing some videoing work or something.

"Rupert Hine (the LP's producer) was there as well as the whole project was really good and very exciting for us. It was something that we wanted to take on for a long time, the business of ambience and how it works with music and some of the stuff that we recorded didn't get on the album, but it certainly helped to teach us a thing or two about how the background noises work in certain situations and in music. It works quite well doesn't it? !"

Well, yeah.

"It's sort of ethereal and weeeirrrrd !" (laughs).

Do you get recognised in the street these days?

Yeah. There's not many bald people living around Notting Hill. I suppose most people know me as "the bald one in the band". I'm the first one who knows where it's raining. It gets cold in winter and I have to buy socks in threes. . . one for each foot and one for my head !" (laughs)

Do Underworld attract groupies?

"Yeah, we're open for auditions at all hours ! Please leave a message after the tone. . . beeeeeeeep !" (laughs) What kind of question is that !?"

Has work begun on the next LP yet?

"We're hoping to commit some stuff to tape this year, for the next album and we're already working on a whole series of ideas. We could start recording now, actually".

So there's enough material written for the next elpee?

"A lot of it is done, yeah. I won't say it's all done, but I think we've broken the back of a lot of ideas and it's really exciting. It's not too different from the first album, but I'm not going to give anything away here. I hope there's a couple of songs on there that people will choose - like they did with 'Radar' and 'Glory' and maybe like to play in the clubs and stuff.

There's gonna be a few weird ones in there as well, I hope, that makes people sit up and say we're doin' something here. It's still early days though, but I can say I'm really excited by the whole thing. Working with the band is terrific. There's more albums in this band I've had hot dinners so far — I'm really looking forward to it."

CAL "SAILORS AND MERMAIDS"

AFTER GANGGAJANG & THE RIPTIDES MARK 'CAL' CALLAGHAN EMBARKS ON A SOLO COURSE TO DELIVER HIS DEBUT ALBUM SAILORS AND MERMAIDS.

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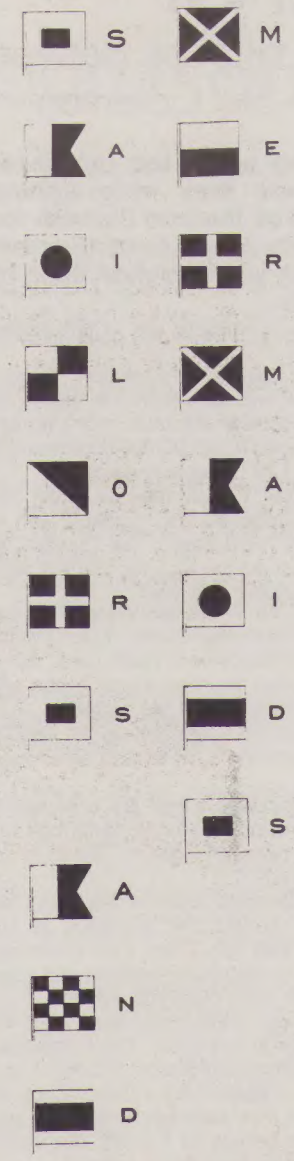

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THREE'S A KRAUT!

Well, actually, there are FOUR people in Schnell Fenster, the Melbourne band of mainly ex-Split Enz chappies who've got an esoteric German name. CHRISTIE ELIEZER manages not to mention the war or underarm bowling

Photos: BYRON SMITH

THE MOTIVATION!

When Split Enz started to wind down, its guitarist and drummer had already decided they were going to form a new band. Soundchecks during that final Enz tour were also rehearsals for The Mullanes (which of course became Crowded House).

But for the others, being in a pop band for ten years had taken its toll. It must have been disillusioning that a fine pop band that combined imagery, intelligence and catchy melodies should have to continually battle so hard.

But the morning after Enz's final show, Noel Crombie and Nigel Griggs woke up feeling excited. They were individuals! No more schedules! A life with no beginning or end! Free at last!

Nigel immediately took off back to England.

"I went off to see my family and friends there," says Griggs who joined Enz during their English stay and then returned with them to Melbourne.

"See, I never intended to come and live in Australia. But the Enz relocated to Melbourne so I came back with them. Being in a rock band you get very blinkered, so I just wanted to do some travelling, which I did through Europe.

"When the Enz broke up, I thought I was through with music forever. After all, there's more important things in the world than rock bands. Like most people, I'm concerned about world issues and I wanted to contribute to that in some way or other.

"But after a while I realised that it takes a very special person who can become a missionary in Africa or join Greenpeace and follow things through. These issues still concern me greatly, but the fact that rock bands can get involved in them and use their clout in the post Live Aid era is motivation for them, it makes a rock band so much more worthwhile.

"But after a year, I found that I missed playing. Not trying to conquer the world, but the pure and simple *joy* of playing."

Noel Crombie in the meantime had decided he'd had enough of rock bands too. He'd been in the Enz from their very early New Zealand days, right through to battling Australian prejudices of their grotesque image, to trying to break Europe at a time when it was caught in the midst of punk madness, of watching "I Got You" become a huge Top 10 hit and unsuccessfully trying to maintain that success.

With the end of Enz, he was too tired.

He went on to work on the ABC-TV series *Pop Movie* and a Channel 7 mini series called *A Thousand Skies.* He'd been one of the instigators of the experimental pioneering Enz video work, and bands were chasing him to do their videos. He did a couple, for Crowded House and Mental For Anything, and decided it was too much work.

By this stage too, he'd got the bug to play again.

Why hadn't he concentrated more on making videos?

"I found it was hard for me to become enthused about doing videos for other bands, basically. Unless I like the music and it strikes an image for me, then I can't discipline myself to do it as a job. I don't feel *that* strongly about making videos."

Does he get annoyed that a lot of vidoes coming out of England these days have pinched a lot of old Enz video ideas?

"Well you can *think* that but it's a very silly idea to claim it as your own. People have been having visual ideas ever since they could doodle on a piece of paper. Videos and film are the worst for image rip-offs, if there's anyone who should feel ripped off, it's someone like Alfred Hitchcock who's had his stuff really stolen from him."

THE BEGINNING!

"The Enz breakup was such an amicable thing that it was possible for us to one day work together," offers Noel. "We could work in any sort of combination.

"I know Nigel, Eddie and myself were keen to do something, although it didn't necessarily have to be a band."

Schnell Fenster hadn't begun as a band to conquer the world with, or even play those upstarts Neil Finn and Paul Hester and their American success at their own game.

They just decided to get together in a room somewhere and jam, just to play for the sake of fun.

They contacted Phil Judd, the enigmatic eccentric who'd formed the Enz in New

Zealand, thought up their wacky image, did their artwork, including the cover painting on their first LP *Mental Notes*, but soon found the pressures of showbiz too hard and quit. He rejoined them in England for a few months, but bowed out again, which is when they brought a young unknown Neil Finn in. Judd went off to concentrate on painting (he has has work hung in galleries in Canberra and Melbourne), returned to the spotlight with The Swingers who were one hit wonders with "Counting The Beat", and then got pissed off enough with the music biz to return to his art.

"I think what appealed to Phil was that it was a very casual thing. There was absolutely no pressure, because we didn't even contemplate it'd lead to anything. It was just a series of jams over a six month period. We taped them all. A lot of the stuff's awful, but now and again a bit of magic would appear, and that'd incentivate us to keep going."

Is it important for seasoned musicians like the Schnells to go through a period of disillusionment with playing music?

Nigel: "Yeah, it makes it fresh for you again. Just before Schnell Fenster went on the road, we were all very eager to do so, because it had been four years and we'd forgotten whatever negative things we had about touring.

"In the case of Noel and myself, we wanted to play after a year. With Phil, he was away for about three or four years. He tends to concentrate on either music or painting."

Also at the early jam sessions where Enz keyboards player Eddie Rayner and guitarist Michael den Elzen who'd emerged in Timm Finn's solo band for his *Big Canoe* tour.

Eddie soon dropped out because he thought Schnell Fenster was too much of a commitment, when fatherhood and film soundtracks seemed more interesting.

By the sixth jam, they had begun to write together.

"We jammed a lot with Enz too, but because there were so many people writing songs, we used to work on the songs. With Schnell Fenster, we took the songs from the jam. Basically, we could go back to ideas and develop them, which we didn't seem to do with the Enz."

The rehearsals led to demos, and suddenly they were holding negotiations with EMI Records in Sydney. Schnell Fenster eventually signed directly to Capitol in America — ironic, for that's where Crowded House and Tim Finn are too.

With the record deal came That Name.

THE NAME!

Schnell Fenster was a German who lived during the Nazi rule in World War II and preached child pornography and rape as an expression of their lifestyle. It is believed that at the end of the war, he and some of his followers escaped to New Zealand, where they trained their sons to carry on their beliefs by popularising Fenster's good name . . .

No, no, none of the above paragraph is true, you see. I sort of figure that since the band can make up stories about the origin of the name, so can I.

The name came up as a product of their bizarre sense of humour. But because they keep getting asked about it, they keep changing its meaning at every interview.

In the *Countdown* magazine, they gave the loose translation as "fast window". On *Saturday Morning Live* they gravely said Schnell Fenster was the working title for an experimental train.

To me, they mumbled something along the lines that they liked the rhythmic flow of the name.

When I press them for the real origin, they burst out laughing, winking at each other.

Is there someone called Schnell Fenster?

Nigel: "Ummm, Noel you can take this one."

Noel (long pause): No, there's no one with that name."

Is it a nickname for somebody, then?

Noel: "It's a nickname for all of us, for everybody (pause). It's just a name really."

Nigel: "We had a list of 400 names, which we changed every week when we rehearsed. Let's see, there was "Abbatoir Of Love", then "Hopeful Sperm", umm, "Noel and The Revolution" . . .somehow we came up to sign a recording deal and needed a name, and Schnell Fenster was the one we were tossing around at the time and it stuck."

One day, expect a tissue of lies in some magainze or another about how Phil "had a dream" that an angel visited him in a dream and predicted he'd be in a successful band called Schnell Fenster. Or that their car broke down in a small Australian mining town called Schnell Fenster. Or they had a gym teacher in New Zealand called . . .

THE PEOPLE!

In the Enz days, Noel, Phil and Nigel could shy away from the media. The two Finn boys had the wit and amiability to do all the interviews, and it suited the others just fine.

But now there's no one to hide behind, and Nigel and Noel are in the hot seats, forced to go on TV and trying to be witty, or discussing their music. Hard for them, because they are very reserved as people, and because a lot of what they do comes from a spontaneity. At this stage, they express themselves better through their music.

• Noel Crombie is a hot rod enthusiast, and restores them for a hobby.

"I've got 4½ cars at the moment — two Triumphs, a 1950 Triumph, a 1949 Morris van and bits and pieces of another. It's not very expensive, the raw material isn't, and it helps if you're a good mechanic. I don't think I am, but there are certain things which I can do like bodywork, woodwork and restoration.

"It's just a hobby with me, just something to do to unwind, the way gardening is for me too. I've got a fair sized garden, and lots of pot plants. Cacti are good because you can just leave them alone for days on end and they won't die on you. In this business that can happen: when you're doing an LP, and get caught up in recording, except for the time you're going to and from the studio, or when you're sleeping."

• Nigel Griggs has a home studio, where he spends hours and hours playing his instruments or listening to hundreds of cassettes, mostly to develop ideas for songs. He once wanted to buy a Melbourne tram to park outside his holiday home down the coast, but gave that up due to the red tape.

• Michael den Elzen comes from the Victorian country town of Mansfield, and is a keen trout fisherman. He plays tough guitar and was very much involved in the production of the LP.

• Phil Judd's music and painting criss-cross on the cover of the new Schnell Fenster LP *The Sound Of Trees*.

I ask the duo what their favourite Phil Judd story is. There's a shocked awkward silence, and then Noel mumbles, "I don't think there are any good Phil Judd stories" and laughs.

They will, however, say that he's fond of practical jokes and frequently pulls on den Elzen's country amiability by throwing him some good yarns.

THE MUSIC!

Schnell Fenster music is tough and orchestral, music that has to be listened to repeatedly and closely before it starts to make sense. In a lot of ways it reminds me a lot of the very first Enz album *Mental Notes* although only in a superficial way.

The LP will be issued overseas next year.

Did Michael as the newcomer find it difficult to fit into a set working pattern?

Nigel: "It's good to have some youthful enthusiasm. He fitted right in, I don't think he felt like an outsider for long."

Noel: "We wanted a guitarist who could let it rip. He had a lot to do with the album's production. In terms of enthusiasm, he'd be up 14 hours in the studio, trying different things, very keen."

Nigel: "We weren't set up as a band of ex-Split Enz personnel with an outside guitarist. I mean, I hardly knew Phil, I joined them in London and he was just there for three months and I didn't see much of him then anyway! (mysterious laugh). To be working with Phil is as new as it is to Michael."

Would you accept that your lyrics are fairly doom-laden?

Nigel: "Yeah! Some of them are a bit dark but a lot of it has to do with Phil. You known, a lot of our music stems from jams, we're definitely a band that want to make a statement through the atmosphere in the music. Sometimes they are tagged for identification purposes and they might have some bizarre names, but Phil usually develops the themes from the new title."

Are Schnell Fenster here to educate AND entertain?

Nigel: "I'm not sure we're here for either. We're here to please ourselves, we do things on impulse, there's no premeditation about it, that's why it's just a statement of what we are. We're pleasing ourselves, basically. I myself hardly listen to the Top 40 . . . I mean I'm aware of it, obviously, but I don't want to know what a modern sound is like, in case it influences the way I think when I'm making music."

What's the difference between *Mental Notes* and *The Sound Of Trees*?

Noel: "A lot more guitar, really, and maybe a lot more musicianship. I can see the parallel. When the Enz did that album, we walked in naive without any intention of doing a hit single, but just to get the music inside of us come out as honestly as possible.

"We had the same intention when we did this LP, there's nothing contrived. In both LPs, Phil's voice was out front and it's kind of distinctive. Schnell are probably harder than Split Enz, more straightforward."

Would it be right to say that Schnell Fenster are the other side of the coin to Crowded House?

Nigel: "There were two sides to Split Enz, so maybe you can see where the different influences came from. We're heavier than Crowded House, but they're more melodic . . . Neil's just full of melodies, I don't know anybody else who's so full of melodies."

THE MUSIC THAT FELL TO EARTH?

Disco performer PATRICE is fascinated with the effect of gravity on his music.
By Renee Brack in Sydney.

"Patrice exhibits a rare understanding of how gravity and music work together," opines producer Mike Stavrou.

"Gravity isn't such a physical thing, it's more psychological and that's wherein it's power lies. It's too complex a concept to explain briefly — like I don't think Stevie Wonder ever sat down and talked about the gravity in his music — but he does have an intuitive understanding of it and this is one denominator that makes his music so appealing."

Michael Stavrou was one of the judges on the panel deciding which ten music grant applicants from the thousands who submitted material, would receive funding from the Performing Arts Board of the Australia Council. After Patrice received three thousand dollars to advance his musical endeavours, Mike approached the artist with an offer of future musical collaboration.

The reason for this offer, is that variable in music called 'gravity'. Mike became fascinated with its effect after working with Paul McCartney and Stevie Wonder on their hit "Ebony And Ivory" and sometimes he lectures on this aural phenomenon.

"It's one of the big common denominators of hit music. Can you imagine someone lecturing on one of the biggest secrets of hit records?" He laughs.

Gravity is more of an effect on the mind of the listener rather than an ingredient in a success recipe. It's quite an ethereal, esoteric, highly theoretical concept whose physical manifestations are a lot easier to grasp in just a few words. Gravity can mean the difference between a hit and a non-hit. When gravity is functioning effectively within a song, it becomes very listenable, danceable and enjoyable — regardless of whether the listener likes the artist, album cover, etc., or not. It has everything to do with subliminals and psychoaccoustics — and the music of Patrice.

After hearing his soul-tinged, passion-filled dance music, it's difficult to believe that he's an Australian artist. In fact, songs like 'I've Got This Feeling', 'Revolution' and 'Trust In Me' would sound more at home in glamorous New York dance haunts than in the local hotel circuit.

Nevertheless, the Australian born and bred solo artist blew all his grant money on recording and packaging his first EP and, naturally, three thousand dollars didn't even cover half of the costs — he produced and engineered other people's music to make up the difference. Patrice recorded and mixed some tracks at Donn Trent's Citisong studio in Sydney then mastered the above three at EMI's 301 studio. Most of his music is keyboard generated instrumentation — a combination of digital and analog synthesis. He exhibits an obvious love and respect for production technology.

"I'm right into syncopation and production techniques. Sometimes I'll put a slur into a sound before a staccata to produce a particular effect."

He often samples his own voice to use as a snare drum.

Over the years, Patrice has developed a sound effect with keyboard generated guitar slides which has become a trademark in his compositions. The tracks move along at a typically constant danceable pace but are infinitely more dynamic and creative in terms of arrangement than, for example, the never-changing Stock, Aitken and Waterman formula.

The music itself is sharp, slick, punchy and aggressive, almost attacking at times, whereas the lyrics are much less confronting. The sentiments behind the words are universally accessible — not parochial or heavily politicised — and delivered in a sensitive, seductive, almost Jackconesque vocal style. In short, Patrice is a mild-mannered, modest melodist — with a great left hookline!

Prior to embarking on a solo career, Patrice fronted Hot Ice — a band who supported Mi-Sex, the Sunnyboys, Cold Chisel and Australian Crawl many moons ago. He then performed with the now defunct Shikira, who were well received at Sydney venues supporting artists such as V-Capri and The Machinations. Shikira released an interesting single before internal problems brought about their sudden demise. This year, Patrice also received a special mention in the Sonics Big Music Competition.

The 12" single 'I've Got This Feeling', will be available at most indie record bars around the country and Patrice is currently seeking a keyboardist and back-up vocalist to complete his line-up. The rest of the band are enjoying some well-deserved time off.

Despite the success of The Machinations, The Rockmelons and Wa Wa Nee, Australian dance music has often been over-shadowed by guitar-strumming rock 'n' roll, so the path you have chosen to pursue is a difficult one within these shores.

"Perhaps. I eventually want to go to the US, make records and perform there, but right now I love being in Australia and doing music here. I really enjoy funky, soul-filled music because it isn't offensive to my ears. All this glamour metal and nostalgia rock 'n' roll sounds really hard sometimes.

"Basically, I prefer catchy melodies with a good groove. Besides," adds Patrice with a laugh, "it's all I can do and it's all I want to do."

HARD CELT

Roaring Jack weave a convincing soundtrack for these angry times
By Richard Roberts in Sydney

In past years every Sunday down the Bald Faced Stag, a group of Scots would sit around in a big circle, get out their squeeze boxes, fiddles and banjos and play traditional Celtic jigs and reels until the pixies came home.

Their colourful grab-bag of imagery described events which, for one reason or another, only happened in the month of May. In fact nothing seemed to happen in any other month of the year until the 'merry month of May' then everything would happen.

String together that traditional Celtic sound, electric guitars, bass, drums and contemporary issues and you've got Roaring Jack. Theirs is far more than straight Celtic music, it has a rock 'n' roll sensibility with elements of The Clash and rockabilly. Similar to what Steeleye Span were doing in the late '60s — without the pixies!

Alistair Hulett lead singer, songwriter and passionate social activist has been into Celtic music since he was 14, left Scotland at 18 and met up with Stephi Miller (accordian, guitar and mandolin), Rob Mannell (guitar and bozouki) and Davey Williams (bass) in Sydney.

They had all been playing Celtic music for a long time individually and decided to get together originally to form an acoustic band.

In 1985 they rehearsed for eight months ". . . and one day started stuffing around with electric guitars, did one song and thought: 'stuff it, let's get a drummer', — later Rod Crilchrist joined — he's the only one in the band who wasn't originally into Celtic music," says Alistair.

"I could never get into singing about elves skipping through the gay green woods. There has always been the pixies singers and other musicians like Enoch Kent and Kick Gaugh who sing in the Celtic style, but about things that had an up-to-date relevance.

"I love rock 'n' roll, although in the '70s I was disgusted and went back to Celtic and other roots music.

"I've always been against the rock star iconism; up on stage a guy blow drying his hair, looking ever so romantic with a white scarf around his neck singing: 'Ooo baby, my dick is enormous.'

"Late '70s the Sex Pistols and The Clash said exactly what had been said in the folk scene. Punk was prepared to get in there and say screw the excess, it's crap.

"I heard The Clash's song about the Brixton riots, a reworking of an Irish tune called 'Johnny I Hardly Knew You'. What a great idea I thought — punk — folk! Then it went out of my head again.

"The Pogues, The Men You Couldn't Hang and Billy Brag have brought back certain punk attitudes which were dropped in the post-punk era.

"We have taken folk music, plus the attitudes we all held dear in the late '70s, which we betrayed in the '80s and pulled them back into folk music.

"When I first heard The Pogues I really liked the idea, but they couldn't play for shit, now they've got a lot better."

Although remotely similar there are certain differences the Jacks have to The Pogues which make the two distinctive from one another. The Pogues derive most of their influence from Irish, not Scottish music and even though the Scots like a drink to two, they don't sing a great deal about getting drunk.

Roaring Jack had a hard time gaining acceptance during their first six months or so, playing supports for The Bushwackers and Redgum to audiences which disliked them intensely.

pic by Tony Mott

"When we started playing places like The Sandringham and The Harold Park Hotel, everyone liked us. I think because we put an anti-commercial, anti-corporate attitude right up front, on and off stage, a few people were drawn to the attitude before the music."

An attitude which will rock the boat a bit, upset the apple cart, or like their first album on Mighty Boy records fiercely articulates, set the Cat Among the Pigeons.

"In my mind *Cat Among The Pigeons* is a metaphor for revolutionary socialism, says Alistair.

Now we're getting deeper into the core of the bands beliefs. There's a short poem at the start of the instrumental called The Cat Among The Pigeons.

From the killing fields of Vietnam
To the backstreets of old dairy town.
They ring us round with tanks and guns
To keep us in our station.
In the coal pits of Northumberland
Down below the Rio Grande
They bind and break the workers hand
With hardship and starvation
Oppression is the bosses' creed
And profit his religion
We're the ones who dare to set
The cat among the pigeons.

Sure, it can't happen this week, " . . . it appears at the moment not to be in the basket at all, but because of the nature of capitalism it's subject to crises all the time, as we saw with the latest crash on the stock market.

During the Great Depression in the 1930s and just after it, there was a huge upsurge of interest in the writings of people like Trotsky and Lenin. The things they were saying were making a great deal of sense because people had their backs against the wall. There hasn't been a really serious crises in Australian capitalism for this to happen. If there was ever to be a sufficient crises in Australia then revolutionary socialism would make a great deal of sense.

"A lot of people are tumbling over the poverty line. There's a greater rift between the 'haves' and the 'have nots'. As this increases, and it will, the prospect of a revolution seems much more likely.

"Socialism in Australia is more about spreading an awareness of the Australian Government's collaboration in things like the exploitation of the Third World.

"Australian's need to know their status and relationship with the States. We're told we're their allies. We're not allies at all, we're their lackies. We do what we're told and if we don't the economy slumps.

"Hawke takes his orders not only from Uncle Sam, but also the corporate heads of Austrlia. He's been given a job in the short term, to pull down the basic quality of life for the Australian working class. He's doing it the clever way, an inch at a time, and getting away with it. Unlike Greiner who just bowled straight in to do it creating a groundswell of opposition against him."

Do you think you're statements will bring about change of attitude to some or are you preaching to the converted?

"Both. We have a lot of converted down at the gigs obviously and a lot of people who just come down to hear the music.

"I accept that the two minute pop song is not really the ideal format for indepth political analysis . . . we all accept that.

"A growing number of people who come down to our gigs are becoming a lot more politically aware, which is really encouraging. Prepared to accept that if they don't take an interest in what's happening around them, then things might start happening that they might not necessarily like.

"A lot of people who come down to our gigs are, as you said, the converted — but it's constructive.

"We have people who come down regularly from the Australian Communist Party, the International Socialists, or the Socialists Workers Party, even Young Labour. We've got Christians coming down to our gigs, who're quite politically aware. We get hippies, punks . . . even a few skinheads."

All these different groups, vaguely from the broad left, would only ever get together for mass demonstrations. A Roaring Jack gig has become a place where they can all meet each other without the barriers. But don't think for a second that this marks Roaring Jack as political gurus.

"Often they have a much more astute perspective on things than I have and I am often corrected by them. Sometimes after a show someone will come up to me and say: 'Hey Comrad what you cumin' out wit' there is not quit' so'."

If ever the Jacks have rock star glints in their eyes this affinity with the audience would certainly snap them back into shape.

Back onto music.

Roaring Jack is seen by Alistair as being more traditionally oriented than bands like Weddings, Parties, Anything, Midnight Oil, Spy's, Paul Kelly, etc. In what respect is that?

"Well, we draw more directly from Celtic music, more influenced by traditional Celtic music. Traditional in the sense that it has been handed down in the oral tradition. It wasn't scribbled on bits of paper because most of the people who played it couldn't write.

"In the case of someone like Weddings, Parties, Anything they have been exposed a lot to Australian colonial music and Scots and Irish music.

"They've obviously drawn a great deal of inspiration from it . . . using it more as flavouring to their music, we use it as a direct source."

BJORK IN THE USA

Iceland's biggest music export since mezzaforte, THE SUGARCUBES, are breaking down doors inthe U.S. Barbara Ellen flies to San Francisco to see how American audiences react to the band — and to their elusive singer Bjork.

It's my last night in America, and 20 minutes ago I asked my last question . . .

Elnar blames money . . . Maga says they're all superficial . . . Thor is playing God on his skateboard . . . Siggy reckons it's all talk, talk, talk, . . . Braggi just wants to be fair . . .

And Bjork is asleep . . .

It's my last night in America, and 20 minutes ago I asked my last question: what *is* wrong with Americans?

For The Sugarcubes, it's a gift opportunity. A time to sulk and compare notes. Siggy first:

"THEY're *always* talking . . . and always about themselves. They could write five biographies in 20 minutes . . ."

Braggi shakes his head: "I think Americans are very nice people."

"Oh yes, they're *nice*," sneers Maga, "That's not the problem."

"*Excuse me!*" (This is Elnar) "*but do they f..k?* . . ."

Siggy laughs: "They don't excite *me* sexually."

"Yes, *but do they f..k?*" persists Elnar, sipping his beer lazily, "because *I* don't thing they do . . ."

The previous day I'd accompanied Elnar and Siggy to do a radio inteview for the University of San Francisco . . .

I am quite possibly brain-damaged. The trip over here was a joke, 22 hours spent weeping in airport bars or trussed up on plane seats. On the way, I spot a beaming child staggering towards a girl sporting bright turquoise legs: *Bjork and her baby boy!*

At the car Elnar pats my hand comfortingly and leaves a beer in it. He has a gap between his front teeth a small camel could pass through. I cheer up a little. The guy driving us to the radio station is a beg Jerry Garcia fan. No matter. San Francisco certainly smells a lot better from inside a moving car.

The interview is weird. Elnar kicks off by coming within a microsecond of swearing On Air. Siggy — half human Joe 90, half puppet Andy Warhol — plays drums on the table throughout. Elnar launches into a stunning anecdote concerning some fairies, a rock and a dead roadbuilder, before winding up with an anti-yank/anti-NATO-bast rant. The interviewer's head glistens . . .

"We are the outsiders coming in," Elnar explains, relaxing after a hectic harl hours signing a sobbing fan's 37 different versions of the 'Deus' cover. He snorts scornfully:

"They want us to 'have a nice day!'

"They say 'you're welcome' . . . welcome to what? . . . we couldn't even get into this country a little while ago and now we're 'welcome-!' . . . Gaaaaah! . . . they want only money . . .

"It's like this thing with tapes . . . In Britain you pay maybe ten per cent . . . maybe less. Over here it's 18 per cent . . ."

What's that for?

"*Tapes.*"

Tapes of what?

"*TAPES*! . . . you know! For food, on top of bills . . . "

Oh tips!

Yeah, tapes! . . . You see, it never ends . . . You're always paying out . . ."

Back at the motel there's just enough time for drinks ("no tape!") before the drive to San Francisco's I Beam club for the night's gig.

I'll ask you some questions later, I promise rashly.

"Good, good . . ."

Or maybe I won't.

"Great!"

Elnar swivels in his chair. He is watching bassist Braggi and Maga — The Sugarcubes' stunning new keyboardist — play pool.

"I like it here," he announces, allowing yet more alcohol to bathe his obviously addled brain tissue. "Every time we have to stay we have to stay at 'somethin' Inn the band immediately get diarrhoea . . ."

Quite.

For those out thee who have never actually heard of The Sugarcubes; are you aware that you might — in fact — be *dead*! Even the goriest of recluses will know by now that The Sugarcubes hail from Iceland, making sparkling, manic singles ('Cold Sweat', 'Birthday', 'Deus') and have an album out (*Life's Too Good*) that still causes mini heart attacks in the jealous Australian indie contingent every time they hear it.

So far things have been sweet. Though loyal to One Little Indian in Britain, in America The Sugarcubes have become Elektra's Number One Priority. Hence this gruelling seven week tour, undertaken after the local legislation — designed specifically to keep *out* poets, subversives and no-good beatniks like The Sugarcubes — had been successfully evaded.

This is serious. This is why I am here. Unlike most indie bands who achieve obscurity and go downhill from there, The Sugarcubes will soon be extending hot little hands towards reasonably embarrassing amounts of money. Most of which, I'm told, will be spent on Sugarcube 'Icelandic' ventures old and new. Right now, though, the real job is to make The Sugarcubes as dramatically and socially valuable in America as they are in England or Iceland. This will mean working for the yankee dollar in the purest sense of the phrase. Time to take stock, check out the corruption factor.

Siggi, Braggi, Einar . . .What is money good for?

Siggy: "Money is for spending."

Braggi: "And not investing!"

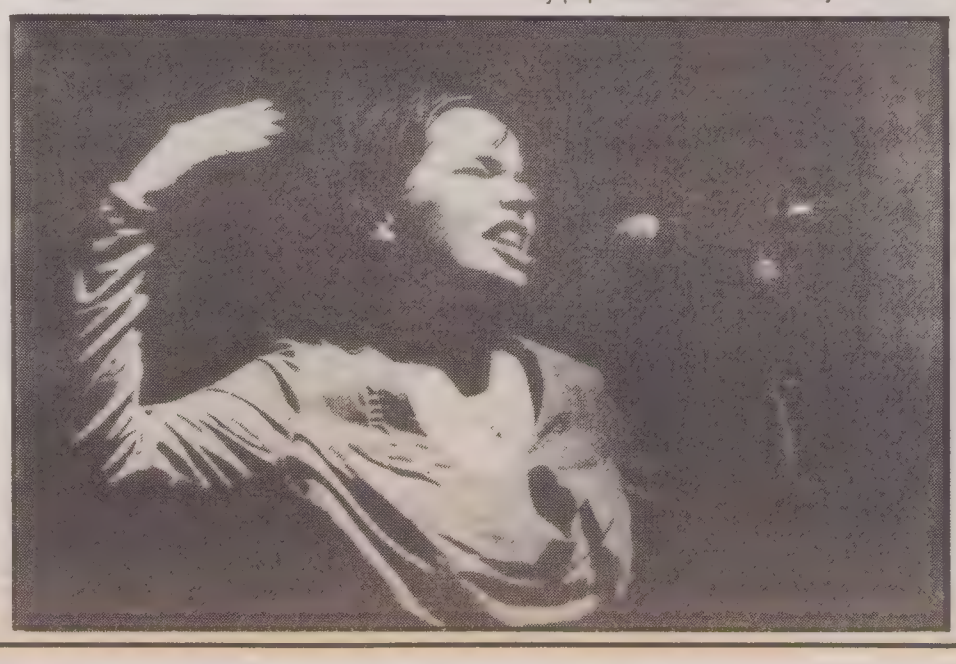
Siggy: "Money is esentially good and essentially bad . . ."

Braggi: "If you're born rich . . .then you will behave like an aristocrat, a person with money . . ."

Siggi: "But when you get too much of it, too soon, it drives you crazy!" But you'll have too much of it soon.

Elnar: "We will spend the money."

Siggy: "Effectively."



Elnar: "No, not effectively. We'll waste it- . . .spend it on unwise things . . ?

Braggi: "Extravagant things!. . ."

Elnar: "We will always find a way to spend money on something different."

Elnar is sat on the tour bus, outside Beams. The club is poky. Tonight this will be their dressing room. Elnar passes around a whiskey bottle the size of a coal scuttle. In his huge leather jacket, his peaked cap and his shades, Elnar looks like a yunger, more delinquent, Casey Jones.

Suddenly, Siggy bursts in, wearing a tutu! It is acid pink and does nothing for his bust. *Siggy cares not* . . .for the first time in his life he feels free!

A British photographer sidles up to the delirious Siggy and reveals that he 'woz' there when Captain Sensible did it 'first' and 'better'. Siggie is all crushed violets and disbelief. Throughout it all Elnar guffaws frantically. Bjork looks too, sitting quietly with her hands in her lap. She catches my eye a couple of times, but actually wants none of it. She appears curiously and unstoppably divorced from all that is raging around her.

And when, less than 10 minutes later, Bjork appears onstage she has changed back into The Bjork I hate: the stage brat, the tantrum junkie, the noisemaker, the Princess, the Thumbelina Thumbsucker who wants everything on a plate *yesterday!* Meanwhile, the two transplanted New Yorkers to my left are arguing my ears off about her. They coo, they sigh. And when Bjork jumps up and down — looking like a gas explosion in her yolk-yellow pinafore and unlovely slippers — they almost weep.

Forget this gig. It was terrible. The Americans, as always *grabbed* and, *snatched* whilst The Sugarcubes fell straight through to their fingers. On their dumbest, most depressive, most paranoic moments The Sugarcubes must imagine all America to be like this. The tragedy is that although they're probably right, the Americans have never needed them more.

The fact is The Sugarcubes are *unique*. And not only is their loyalty to One Little Indian a testament to the sense of independence of the band as a whole, it also speaks volumes about Bjork as an individual.

When the major companies came poaching, *she* — with her bird woman beauty, those deadend eyes, and that voice which continues to roll like a beautiful marble into the *indie* House of Fun — was the glittering prize.

Christ knows she has an alternative! So many pop damsels are blinded by the look of one hit, run off to start solo careers and are never seen again. They will one day be unearthed, hundreds of them, asleep in the master bedrooms of mansions, waiting for that special deal to kiss them all awake. Bjork has side-stepped that and still 'made it'. She is a great entertainer. *Almost* perfect, in fact.

Bjork, I've got to ask you . . .why are you such a child onstage?

"I just don't understand it. I don't understand why people find me so childish. I can see it sometimes, when I see me on telly . . . but it's just one of thos things. I just don't understand . . . I don't have this clear picture of myself in my head.

It's the mannerisms mostly. You're a grown woman, a mother . . .but up onstage you seem to lose 20 years . . .You become a thumbsucker, a brat . . .do you know why?

"It just happens to be the way I do it.

It's the way I am. There might be reasons . . .I'll figure it out one day."

What about all those dirty old sods — those perverts — who probably get off on your act?

"Oh that's just a human thing . . . I actually like things like that. They make life lively.

You think perverts liven things up?

"Of course . . .I know everybody is responsible for their own actions, but I think everybody is a pervert. They just don't admit it. For example, there are some things I find really beautiful but I wouldn't tell anybody about them. I just do them in private."

What are you views on pornography?

"Like anything else . . .Good and Bad. It doesn't offend me. A good apple probably affects me more than a porno paper . . .It's a question of how it's done. I think ther exists a very healthy kind of pornography . . ."

Some say that being onstage is better than sex. Do you agree?

"It's not better or worse, just different- . . . Some people tend to think there's something rally extraordinary about being onstage."

Bjork pushes the hair away from her face. She yawns. Bjork is dog-tired. Much, much later when I ask the very last question of my last night in America . . she will be asleep.

Do you want your old life back?

"This might sound sickly," she smiles, "but I've got this feeling that . . .the things I am doing now are the only things I could be doing. I'm not talking about destiny . . .it's the way things *should* be . . ."

Back at my motel room, and we're still talking about pop music. Elnar and me. Vulgar as chrome, this character gets *everywhere* in the bar, by the pool, on the bus . . . forever hassling, joking and questioning.

I ought to hate him, but he's too funny. And while the like of pretty Maga and smiling Thor would make good postcards and Braggi and Siggy get all the film offers, only Bjork deserves to ger more attention than Elnar.

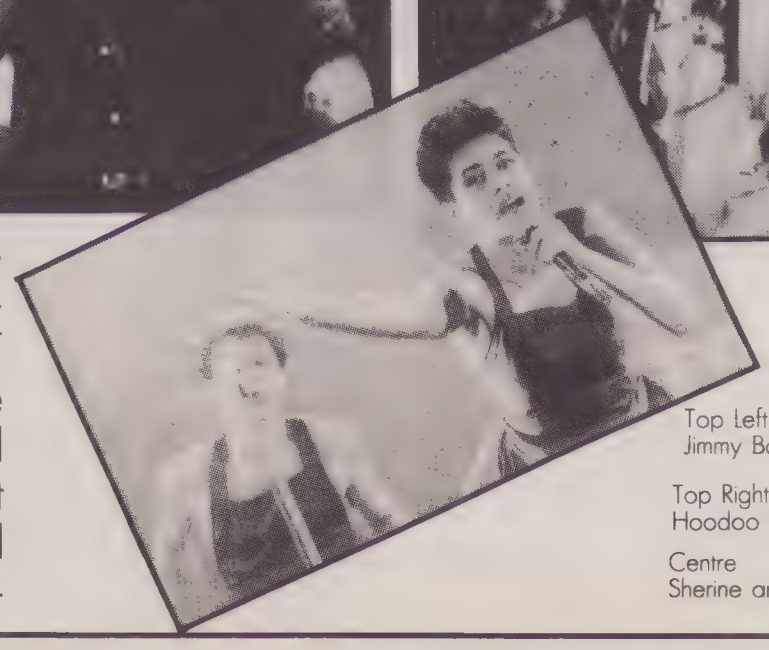
His role is central. Musically, he gives them an edge, a cold, flickering backdrop to Bjork's passion play. He is their jester, liar, Go-Between, Irritant. He is everything these enigmatic Icelanders need. He is also the most corrupt. When the others say they couldn't do without him they mean it. And, for his part, Elnar is hurt at repeated suggestions that he is anything less than central to the band's needs.

"It's good for me to get a slap on the face. It's offensive but I don't respond. I am sensible, too sensible, for this business."

Are you happy Elnar? Are you satisfied with your lot?

Elnar shrugs vaguely: "I am . . . I like checking hotel rooms . . .how many beds I've got in my room, if the towels are big enough to dry you completely, if the toilets are tied down with ribbon . . .these things make me happy."

BUGGING OUT FOR ETHIOPIA



Bob King captures some of the more dramatic moments of the recent EAT concert in Sydney. Nine thousand people rocked out at the Entertainment Centre and raised $294,000 while a telethon conducted by MTV boosted the figure considerably.

Top Left
Jimmy Barnes joining Crowded House was the definite highlight

Top Right
Hoodoo Gurus made their major debut of their new lineup

Centre
Sherine and Big Pig threw themselves into their set

WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?

We speak to DANIELLE DAX, former Lemon Kitten who's responsible for the club smash "Cat House"

Danielle Dax's den is wild. Tin foil gleams where wallpaper is usually laid to rest. It is covered with painted sub-paisley swirls.

A plastic robot and a wooden doll guard the mantlepiece, a bass amp (similarly daubed) sits in the fireplace and an old copy of *The Guardian* blocks the window, cutting Dax from the rest of the Brixton neighbourhood.

"The room is very hard to arrange. I want to put a huge mirror across there, have books down there and I'm going to paint green circles onto the foil. I was thinking of using those plastic mirrors as rock pools and building it all up with foil covered rocks and plastic emeralds and things.

"I'm going to have zebra stripes across the floor so God knows what it will be like then. I'm going to get a load of those stand up plastic ashtrays and use them as lamps and I'd really like one of Liberace's chandeliers to hang from the roof. Once I've got some plastic garden furniture in here, then I'll be really able to entertain."

When Danielle's British press lackey described her "Cat House" single as "a song about sex", brothels and machinery, riding around on the back of a monster riff" she certainly saved this writer the need to come up with a description of his own. "Cat House" was the B-52s bombing Batman with Dax as Cat Woman at the gun turrets. It was a huge club smash through Europe, Britain and Australia.

Describing it as a piss-take of old blues records and the nearest she could come to writing a love song, the single was Dax's musical crashdown into the world of The Godfathers, That Petrol Emotion, Young Gods and Loop — the bands she currently rates. Tom Waits, Spike Jones and Prince are other current favourites but her real loves are Eno and Beefheart.

"I really dislike having a female voice because I always wished I could sing like Beefheart. Imagine looking like me and having a really deep horrible growl like him. It's funny, I've got this cheap James Brown compilation tape and one of the tracks on it — it's recorded live in Mexico in '72 or something — sounds just like Beefheart's 'Bat Chain Puller'."

Dax dislikes much of the current pop scene — not only the "career would-be yuppies like Bros, but the so-called underground bands who merely emulate what's coming out on alternate radio shows.

"I hate that cooler than cool attitude that a lot of the po-faced hardcore bands have. Those that pretend that they're living on the edge and think Skin 2 is where its at, and invariably they've all got nice rich parents who send them cheques all the time. The people who usually are the most disturbed and interesting, look the most boring.

"I do like the naievety of Asian pop, it's got a raw crappy feel to it, but I prefer the most traditional stuff. I've got a great Urdu *(an Indian dialect — ed)* version of Cliff Richard's 'We Don't Talk Any More'."

So you revel in trash music as well as furniture?

"Yes, I've got an Ethel Merman LP and if I ever got to play my favourite records on radio, this would be the one. She's this hideous fat woman who was in *There's No Business Like Show Business* and she's truly appalling. And I've still got my eye on Liberace's mink lined bedspread."

And what about literature?

"I subscribe to cast magazines, then there's Iain Banks, Ian McEwan, J.G. Ballard. There's a great Stephen King book called *Misery* which isn't horror. it's about a writer who does Mills & Boons stuff, and he writes this novel which is his great artistic statement, a complete departure from his normal stuff and he gets pissed to celebrate and has a crash.

"When he wakes up, he's being nursed by this real blimp of a woman who's put splints on his legs and given him morphine. It turns out she's really mental and has been killing people without ever getting caught for years and she plans to keep him captive. Also, she's read his manuscript and she's disgusted because he'd killed off the Mills & Boon hero who's called 'Misery', so she more or less insinuates that if he brings Misery back to life she won't kill him. So he's trapped in this horrible situation."

Have you ever fancied murdering anyone?

"Oh yeah, I'd love to murder someone and I'd do it but I wouldn't get away with it."

What would your method be?

"Poison. Catherine Medici was a good poisoner, it would be good to film it, it's be quite exotic."

So you'd watch them die?

"Well, no, I couldn't now. In the past I've put disgusting things in people's food, though. There are certain tribes in Africa that believe that if you do things to raw meat and then feed it to domestic animals they become more loyal."

Do you think you'll act again?

"I met Alex Cox at a party last summer and he said I've got a part in a film for you'. I didn't know who he was and thought 'Oh God, who's this wanker' and told him to get lost."

"Cat House" was a deliberate turn to guitars when sequences pop is so much in demand.

"it also makes it easier and more enjoyable to play live. It was very hard to perform some of my earlier work. Doing a song that's made up of two door chimes, a speed up voice and a banjo isn't easy in front of a young goth audience."

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SAD MOON RISING

"Two Moon Junction" has a familiar love-over-the-tracks theme but BYRON SMITH gets steamed-up as he talks to its two stars Sherilyn Fenn and Richard Tyson.

Sherilyn Fenn and Richard Tyson have been dubbed as two of Hollywood's hottest new stars. Although their debut feature film *Two Moon Junction* has met with a lukewarm critical reaction, it has served well to highlight the looks and talents of the pair, whose charisma is as profound in real life as it appears on screen.

***Two Moon Junction*, directed by Zalman King, is a well produced ode to the cliched story of rich-girl-meets-poor-boy-and-falls-in-love.**

Great cinematography, an effective contemporary soundtrack and two particularly good-looking young lead actors, manage to redeem a rather mundane script, resulting in a film which has a number of worthwhile features and a peppering of sex, romance, action, humour and drama.

The story is based around April (Fenn) who exists in the settled, but somewhat boring, establishment of an upper-class American home. She is to be married to a young law student who meets the right criteria for social harmony. But things start taking a turn for the worst-/best, when April meets Perry (Tyson). She falls instantly in lust with the young, hunky (and much poorer) Perry and the film revolves around her confusion about which step to take . . . run away with Perry (who's got a great bod and bedside manner) or marry the young and immature Chad, which would please her family and the entire town.

Two Moon Junction is the place where April goes to be alone and sort out her problems. An old run down dance hall, it's the place where April and Perry go at the height of April's confusion and after pouring out her heart, they make love on the ol' barn floor. The next day she's in the church, walking the aisle with Chad. You'll have to see the flick to find out the rest!

When I walk into the Melbourne hotel suite, Tyson and Fenn are sitting together on a couch in the corner, talking and drinking coffee.

Both stand to greet me and Fenn offers to move a tray of empty cups and plates from the coffee table so I can put down my bag and tape recorder.

"You do that very well," Tyson quips to Fenn as she places the tray on a table across the room. "You can always fall back on that career if necessary, I guess."

"Not on your life, she replies. I waitressed once, for about two weeks."

Tyson: "A **whole** two weeks . . . wow!" (laughs).

Fenn: "But it was crazy. I burnt my hand on a cappacino machine . . . BADLY! I didn't put the coffee holder in properly and it slowly started coming out and I was so stupid — I went to catch it and the whole thing fell out and hot coffee grains and everything went all over

my hands. So for the next couple of days I worked with a cold washer with ice on it, around my hand and it was dripping and I was trying to take orders and I just said 'this is enough! I QUIT!".

I think just about every actress has worked as a waitress at some point in their life . . .

"Yeah and people treat you awful. AWFUL! I wanted to just. . . . mmmm . . . . I had to bite my tongue. But that made my ambition to get somewhere even stronger."

In a lot of ways *Two Moon Junction* is about breaking away from society's expectations of people. What did your parents think about you wanting to become actors. Did they say 'go get a normal job'?

Fenn: "Richard's did!"

Tyson: "Yeah, it's funny. I was on the debating team at the local university in Alabama and my brother's a lawyer, my father's a lawyer and I was in student government all my life. It seemed like I was going to get into politics too and then I was accidentally cast in a show as the lead and my father came and saw it and he loved it. He took the whole cast out to dinner and it was a very big send-off.

"I was cast in a children's theatre after that, performing for 2000 first-graders, twice a day for two weeks and that changed my life. So I changed my majors in college. And my dad was like 'look son, it was a great show, very inspiring, but come on, get serious, get over this . . . '. Then I told him I was dropping out of school and going to Hollywood to be in the movies and it was like 'Oh my God!'. I stayed there for two and a half years and I came back, to go to school to train as an actor and I went and got a Masters Degree from Cornell University, in upstate New York and then I came back and my father said 'now, are you ready for some serious academic pursuits?'

"I said 'Dad! I've got Masters. You have to be a bit serious to get one of those, my God'. And he says 'what are you gonna do now' and I said 'I'm going back to Hollywood' and he said 'didn't you learn *anything* at school?!'. But he's been very supportive actually. I'm one of eight kids and he always lets us do what we felt right with and he's my biggest fan now."

Do each of you have a special place like Two Moon Junction?

Tyson: "Gee, we haven't had that question before."

Fenn: "No, that's a good question! I do. In Los Angeles. It's called the Self Realisation Centre Shrine, on Sunset Boulevarde and it's just a big, beautiful lake and some of Ghandi's ashes are there and it has a track you can walk all around and there's all these exotic trees and flowers and it's just beautiful and peaceful. People go there and meditate and stuff. It's got such a nice beauty to it. It's really close to the ocean, so it's clean air. It's for every religion . . . Bhuddist, Christian, Catholicism . . . every religion and philosophy and there's statues of Christ and Bhudda and just everything. That's where I go."

Tyson: "I'm from Alabama originally and I'm the only character in the movie NOT from Alabama!" (laughs). So I would say that Two Moon Junction is a place in Alabama, about 100 miles into the woods and it's a special place and hopefully, one day I'll build a house there and call it something like Two Moon Junction. But in LA I've been doing Shakespeare at this outdoor theatre — Potanicum Theatricum — halfway between Santa Monica and Malibu and within 20 minutes, I'm in this totally serene place, with beautiful flowering trees and it was really great to do Shakespeare there and it's a very special place- . . . very spiritual."

Has your lifestyle changed much since you made the film? I guess 12 months ago you would never have imagined you'd be in Melbourne, Australia, doing interviews.

Tyson: "No. I was living in my truck and I got this script that they wanted me to read and all of a sudden people wanted to know where I was, every second of the day, so they could get in touch and they even gave me a beeper for a while, 'cos I didn't have any home, or any specific place that they could get in touch with.

"So the production company was always saying *'where are you gonna be tonight? Can we call this number . . . are you gonna be there? Where do we send the driver?'*. So all of a sudden, woosh, after no-one realising where I am and then all of a sudden **everyone** wanting to know. Since the movie, I've had enough funds to get an apartment and so now I have a **place** and it's overlooking the ocean. So it's changed a bit. I can write things and put them in the corner and they're still there when I come back. As opposed to the truck. So my lifestyle has changed."

I get the feeling that the characters that both of you play in the film are fairly close to your own personalites. What would you say?

Tyson: "Well I feel like I'm pretty passionate, but I think he is so much cooler than I am. Like my character Terry, he walks down the streetlike *(Tyson stands and walks poised and slowly across the suite)* . . . I walk down the street and try to be cool like him, but I can't! *(he mimics himself with a few long, fast strides)*. He is so much cooler. We both drive trucks and he doesn't live in his truck, so that was one of the funny things. I parked right in front of the production office, the first time I met Zalman and he said 'go out and read this and come back' and I walked outside and I was sitting on my truck and comes out and he says 'my God' and he's looking in the back of the pick-up truck and there's all kinds of crap in the back, there was a couch, a barbeque grill. I think he could tell that I wasn't just some actor who threw some stuff in the back of my truck to make it look like I lived there . . . I actually did".

What's the most memorable rumour you've ever heard about yourself?

Fenn: "I've heard a lot lately, so I have to pick one. It's really crazy. The most memorable one that I have right now is the most recent one I just read. People found out that Prince is a friend of mine and naturally the press likes to take that kinda thing to the limit. But we've been friends for about six years. In fact he was one of the first people I met in Los Angeles and I dated him when we first met, but we've remained friends ever since.

"Anyway, the rumour was in *The Star* or something, here, and it said that Prince went to the screening — and I can't remember if it said I went there with him or not — but it said he stormed out halfway through it and was 'very angry', especially with the scene when Kristy (McNichol) and I changed shirts. And he said 'how could she do this stuff? It's ridiculous' and he left the theatre and then he broke up with me and stopped dating me as a result of the film. And I just went 'WOOOOOW', I mean, what an imagination. This is like they wrote *words* that he said and meanwhile he's over in Europe touring. And it's like **so absurd!"**

Tyson: "I read somewhere that I took Don Johnson's wife away from him, one time. That was a couple of years ago and he never was married!" (laughs).

Sherilyn, you've been a brunette and a blonde . . . who has more fun?

"You know what? Quite honestly I got so much more attention after I turned blonde. *So much more*. It's the way that people perceive you. The day after I dyed my hair somebody called me a dumb blonde and it was like 'WHAT?' I've been brunette my whole life! Twenty-three years I've been a brunette and now I'm a dumb blonde. OK. And people started to approach me so much more as a blonde. Whereas, when I was a brunette, it was different, it was easier to be inconspicuous. But when I went blonde I started thinking 'am I putting out some kind of energy that's different?' NO. It's just that as a blonde, society has a certain perception of you . . . you're approachable, you're this, you're that, you're sexy, you're not very smart. It's funny."

HOLLYWOOD GOES TO WASHINGTON

As the American election fever hots up, GAVIN MARTIN looks at some movies concerned with the U.S. presidency.

Hollywood's relationship with the presidency has been long and involved, reaching its peak in the tangled paranoia of the '70s with Vietnam, Nixon and Watergate. It has produced character studies, morality plays and conspiracy thrillers.

Some sacred cows have still remained untouched, though it's surely only a matter of time before Kennedy's story with its myriad of possibilities (brave new world, philandering in high places, the big murder mystery) becomes cinefodder.

Likewise the life and times of the outgoing President with his penchant for dodgy arms deals and astrological analyses of World Affairs. It makes Peter Sellers' Chance the gardener in *Being There* seem pretty true to life after all.

THE LINCOLN FILE

PITY POOR Abraham Lincoln, the subject of more presidential movies than any other President and he wasn't around to see one of them. He didn't miss anything not seeing *The Lincoln Conspiracy* (1977), a low budget mishmash, with an implausible new conspiracy twist to Abe's assassination. *Abraham Lincoln* (1930) was made long after director D.W. Griffith's silent golden days but it did have the attraction of Grandad Walter Huston in the title role. Most celebrated however is *The Young Mister Lincoln* (1939) with American romantic and moralist John Ford warming to the early tale of the Great Emancipator.

It's not about Lincoln the President at all but an incident drawn from his early life when as a lawyer he defended a man wrongly accused of murder. A young Henry Fonda played the title role with twinkling eyes, a beacon of tolerance and understanding — pretty much playing to type for Fonda but oh so different from the parade of cheats and chariatans that would folllow in later presidential roles.

Any plans Ford may have had to cover Lincolns' whole life at a later date were thwarted by John Cromwell's *Abe Lincoln In Illinois* (1940) an equally fine Hollywood epic with Raymond Massey in the title role.

SUDDENLY (1954)
DIRECTOR: **Lewis Allen**
STARRING: **Frank Sinatra, Sterling Hayden, James Gleason**

IT WAS Lewis Allen from Shropshire, England who went to Hollywood and made one of the first modern presidential thrillers. Frank Sinatra stars as a ruthless gangleader, in charge of a group of prospective assassins who take over a suburban house, hoping to snare the President on his way to the country for a fishing trip. Reputedly a "white knuckle thriller" the film has remained unseen for years, subject to much the same sort of embargo as *The Manchurian Candidate*. Following the Kennedy assassination Sinatra used his controlling stake in the movie to withdraw it from public display too. Ole Blue Eyes has always been partial but not privvy to a bit of presidential parley and has made every effort to keep on the White House's good side (cultivating dodgy frinedships, using the press as a doormat, that sort of thing). His wishes for access have been answered during the Reagan years, so perhaps this film will also be released soon.

"Secret Honor" exposed the warped mind of Richard Nixon.

FAIL SAFE (1964)
DIRECTOR: **Sidney Lumet**
STARRING: **Henry Fonda, Walter Matthau, Larry Hagman**

A SOMEWHAT grimfaced riposte to the cold war movies of the '50s. Director Sidney Lumet's career has been dedicated to examining the uses and abuses of power. Here he places Henry Fonda the level headed, trustworthy President (a character not unlike the one Fonda played in Lumet's earlier *Twelve Angry Men* in an eyeball to eyeball nuclear showdown situation with the Russkies.

The Cuban missile crisis was still fresh in the great American public's mind but this was no great shakes at the box office. Lumet's liberalism-at-all-costs and adamant but confused anti-nuclear stance may have had something to do with it. In a highly improbable piece of brinkmanship Fonda's Pres is willing to destroy New York City if a Russian city is ruined. No wonder they never asked Hank to stand for office.

THE PARALLAX VIEW (1974)
DIRECTOR: **Alan J. Pakula**
STARRING: **Warren Beatty, Paula Prentiss**

THIS WAS Pakula — Master of Paranoia — priming for *All The President's Men* two years later. Although not about a presidential assassination, the movie's tale of a senator who's shot and the conspiracy that unfolds afterwards seems to be clearly based on the Kennedy shooting.

Warren Beatty plays the investigative journalist who joins the faceless "they" of paranoid nightmares in this case The Parallax Corporation to find out if they are the guys running everything and training political assassins on the side. Only in the '70s when the cannabis cloud hanging over Hollywood at its thickest and all the summer of love warnings were coming home to roost could such a dark downbeat movie have been made.

This film has a message and it is, "Just because you're not paranoid doesn't mean they're not out to get you." In fact it probably does. Only more so.

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN (1976)
DIRECTOR: **Alan J. Pakula**
STARRING: **Dustin Hoffman, Robert Redford**

THE MOST famous of all presidential pictures? Possibly, though it's not really about the Presidency at all, it's the drama behind the Watergate story, the public enjoyed it as much as the media spectacle that had preceeded.

Screen writer William Goldman ably, and economically, adapted Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward's best selling book about their groundbreaking investigations into the affair for *The Washington Post*. It's a detective story, a paranoia thriller (lots of meetings in an underground car park, knocks on the door in the middle of the night, strange threatening phone calls) and an old fashioned shirt sleeve, city desk, news sheet mincemeat cracker. Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman are perfect as the shining typewriter knights but it was Jason Robards as their editor that got the best supporting Oscar.

The movie's been criticised for glibness, 'The Woodstein Side Story' is swallowed; hook, line and sinker, there's no distance or highlighting of the real developments in Watergate. But such criticisms seem churlish; the high calibre acting, the script and the direction keep the audience rivetted despite everyone knowing the outcome.

Robe

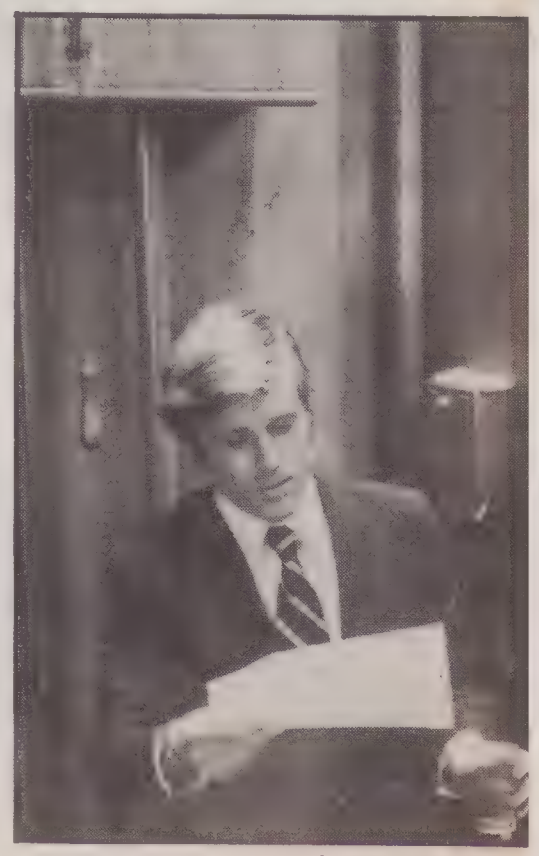
BEING THERE (1979)
DIRECTOR: **Hal Ashby**
STARRING: **Peter Sellers**

CRITIC PAULINE Kael called it "a dim, one joke satire" but the late star Sellers was in tears as he told Barry Norman what an honour it was to play the barely literate gardener Chance in this movie.

Chance is the homespun humble philosopher who rises to national celebrity and presidential advisor. He's the little man, adrift in the world of politics, a droll update of James Stewart's *Mr Smith Goes To Washington*. He talks not of taxes, wars and inflation but nourishing the garden, responding to changing seasons, tending the plants. Everybody listens, it seems like Mao Tse-Tung has taken over America and no-one's even noticed.

THE CANDIDATE (1972)
DIRECTOR: **Michael Ritchie**
STARRING: **Robert Redford, Peter Boyls, Melvyn Douglas**

THREE YEARS after this film director Michael Ritchie looked at the mechanism and elaborate charades played out behind an American beauty pageant in *Smile*. *The Candidate* employs much the same witty, clever and know-



A tense scene from '

Redford and Dustin Hoffman in "All The President's Men"

ing approach to the business of building media hype and a suitable image for someone who wants to stand for The Oval Office. It concludes you need a suitably shaped, (egg) head to make it. Peter Boyle — a convincing low-down, untrustworthy, sell-his-granny-for-a-fiver type is the campaign manager and Robert Redford the vacuous LA lawyer sufficiently charmed into believing he could make it to the top.

The film's about the deception caving in as Redord's character realises he's pulling a fast one on the public and himself. The passing physical resemblance between Redford and peanut crunching, southern rock lover and maker of shallow statements, Jimmy Carter did not go unnoticed. The film was made with insider's knowledge — both director Ritchie and writer Jeremy Larner were involved in presidential campaigns in the '60s. Perhaps it's one Redford always remembers whenever someone calls for his entry onto the Democratic nomination roll.

THE DEAD ZONE (1983)
DIRECTOR: **David Cronenberg**
STARRING: **Christopher Walken, Martin Sheen**
WALKEN STARS as a guy who can tell the future of anyone whose hand he shakes. Martin Sheen is a populist politician and a cert for the Whit House, Walken presses his flesh on one of his endless mett da folks parades and discovers — a nuclear pyschopath bent on global destruction when he gets in the office.

Pretty scary, right? Wrong, compared to Cronenberg's medical genetic horrors (the early *Shivers*, later *The Fly*) this was a depressingly tame adaptation of a Steven King blockbuster novel. Others spied a tension ridden look at moral imperatives, should Walken use his powers to avert the course of history?

Martin Sheen was infinitely superior when he got into the White House, playing Richard Nixon in the made for TV series *Washington Behind Closed Doors*, which must be due back on the box soonish.

The Candidate"

SECRET HONOUR (1985)
DIRECTOR. **Robert Altman**
STARRING: **Phillip Baker Hall**
ONE MAN goes mad in a room. He drinks his way through a decanter of bourbon. He lashes out at the oil painting of revered statesman and colleague Kissinger, he rails at the mass bank of TV screens in The White House's central power base, he flails wildly at his friends, his enemies, associates and critics. But the world won't listen.

It was the Watergate Tapes with Nixon's venacular and crookedness laid bare that generated the greatest public interest and lynch mob mentally during The Watergate Affair. Robert Altman brought this stage play to the screen, so in keeping was it with his own style of taking an angle mainstream directors would dismiss. A 90 minute monologue-come-confession by The Crook Who Got Found Out, *Secret Honour* is never boring so marvellously intense and animated is Baker Hall's Nixon impersonation

Aside from the demons, fears and dark secrets exposed the theme is that throughout Nixon maintained an ethical code, that he was a naive fall guy for The Committee that put him in power, a scapegoat for the public who can't ensure accountable democracy

A marginal but important movie of which its director said: "I'll succeed if the audience gets a littler closer to Nixon. They have to say 'I'm responsible, I voted the guy in'.

THE PRESIDENT'S ANALYST (1967)
DIRECTOR: **Theordore Flickers**
STARRING: **James Coburn**
AHH, THE power behind the press, the guy who has all the secrets. When title star James Coburn gives up his post he's pursued by spies from both America and Russia. A nutty, engaging caper where conspiracies abound, there's duplicity on every corner, the telephone company is manned by robots, the FBI are an endless punchline and the President is nowhere to be seen. Naturally.

GOOD MORNING ROBIN WILLIAMS

Our man in London slips into the press conference when the American funnyman meets the English press.

Faster than a speeding bullet, Supermouth Robin Williams turned a sedate press conference into a one-hour improvised comedy act.

The assembled hacks got their answers and a heck of a lot of laughs into the bargain. Name a topic and he goes into overdrive.

Ladies and gentlemen. Robin Williams . . .

On Good Morning Vietnam.

It was about 98 per cent me and the rest character. The real Adrian Cronauer is a very subdued man. When he actually saw the film he came up to me and said. 'Gosh, you made me look like a real neat guy'.

"It's like Ghandi sayin', 'I never did that, but it's okay. I never drank Jack Daniels,but thanks for putting it in anyway'.

"Cronauer is studying law in Philadelphia now, which makes it hard to have a sequel. Y'know. *Cronauer: The Law Years*. But there is actually talk of a sequel called *Good Morning Chicago* set back in the States in '68 round the time of the Democratic convention. It was one of the most amazing times in recent American history, because it marked the death of the Democratic party."

On the call-up.

"I wasn't drafted, but I was old enough to have a draft number. There was a lottery where Lyndon Johnson picked ping pong balls out of a bin, imagine him goin, 'Here's our lucky winners today!'

"Your birthday was your lottery number. That means for me to get drafted, the Viet-Cong had to be coming east from New York. There'd be me and Dan Quayle goin' 'That's it, baby!'

"Dan Quayle as George Bush's running mate! It's not so much that he joined the National Guard, but here's a man advocating a basically total nuke 'em policy but goin', 'Granpa, it'd be really nice if I could spend the war in Ohio'.

On Vietnam today.

"We filmed in the Phillipines, but Vietnam wanted us to do the movie there. It was like they were sayin', 'Come back to Saigon, it's just the same but we don't shoot you now'.

"Bangkok looks amazingly Western these days, you can see Buddhist monks smoking Marlboro cigarettes."

On *Mork & Mindy*.

"I'm still best known for that in Britain, I'm aware of that. But I can't be angry because it bought me a ranch. To be pissed at that would be like biting the cable that fed you."

On Steve Martin

"Steve and I will be doing *Waiting For Godot* with F Murray Abraham off Broadway in October. I'm only doing it so that I can touch F Murray Abraham's Oscar. Steve and I have different styles of comedy but I really want to work with him."

On comedy.

"It started as a defence mechanism against physical abuse. I was picked on at school because I was a little fat guy. I don't think they wanted to beat me up, they just wanted to see me roll.

"Comedy tends to get overlooked at the Oscars, they think you're not showing anything, you're not *acting*. You're not Kirk Douglas shouting, 'I M SPARTACUS!' In Britain you call it alternative cabaret, which makes me think of Joel Grey as a midget.

"You can use comedy to get a serious matter through, like AIDS, you get under people's radar. I've talked about things as serious as my father's death, but it was cathartic for me.

"Sometimes I use comedy as a mask, to defuse fear, when I get scared shitless. Like, there's a huge hole in the ozone layer and I have to joke about it. Imagine God coming back down to earth and sayin', 'Okay, who did this? We won't get the deposit back now!'"

Ladies and gentlemen. Robin Williams.

Beehive: a, umm, honey of a records?

VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE
Let It Bee
(Polygram)

Every now and then — possibly as a result of the convergence of the planets, or simply because of a particularly dire state of the Top 40 — wheezy rheumy-eyed old hacks start muttering longingly about some mythical beast named Pure Pop.

And every now and then sightings are made, but as often as not — Madonna, ABC, Pet Shop Boys, Primitives — the Great White Whale turns out to be a red herring.

Now I'm not taking any bets, but Voice Of The Beehive may well be that beast. Not because their tunes are classic, timeless gems (they're good but. . .) nor because they're destined to chalk up hit after hit to be remembered till the crack of doom (although 'Don't Call Me Baby' can expect a respectable shelf life).

No, they're Pure Pop for three main reasons — because their guitars chime in a certain time-honoured way, because they're gleefully, knowingly irreverent; and because they've possibly the only band around today who could happily have appeared on a British Kiddies TV show like *Crackerjack — Crackerjack!* without fear of compromising themselves.

That's right — there'd be none of this whingeing from the band about wanting to be taken seriously *really*, and no whingeing from their fans about selling out, joining the circus.

Because VOTB are the circus's star trapeze act, sure-footed enough to dispense with the usual double-think ironies about *really* being a pretend pop group. VOTB are an unashamed flurry of fairground tinsel allied to a good tune, a bracing harmony and a bit of acerbic wit. Pure Pop, in fact. The Tremeloes with a few lagers and a Ladyshave.

Let It Bee is a lot of fun, a glossy but still attractively rough-edged party confection to be consumed by everyone from 10 to . . . ooh, *my* age, even . . . without either end of the spectrum feeling short-changed (as is the case with 9 out of 10 of these promising pop thrills).

It's down to the craft and cheerful cynicism of Tracey Bryn (who put most of the songs together, with among others Brad 'Is Sex' Nack), down to the golden but barbed-edged voice of sister Melissa, and down to a sound which rings the basic changes on traditional sun-kissed guitar pop, with a few vital digressions thrown in. Such as the languidly spooky 'Man in the Moon' *"His dinner guests include the sun and Saturn"),* delivered in teasing, actressy tones reminiscent of Laurie Anderson.

Indeed, behind all this devil-may-care frivolity lurks not a little wisdom. Bryn's lyrics perhaps aren't so much cynical as wittily realistic and worldly-wise — see 'What You Have Is Enough' and 'Trust Me', with its pay-offline *"What good is the truth if we never use it?"*

A bit of substance — *a healthy* record to fling at our pop kids.

And another thing about Pure Pop is that it can stand a filler track or two, or the occasional impression that a song's been cobbled out of the bare bones of three others. That's not a major problem. Reservations aside, this is a honey of a record.

— JONATHAN ROMNEY

THE HONEYS
Goddess
(Waterfront)

Maybe it's the fact that they share the same label, but my first reaction on hearing *Goddess* was to recall the Widdershins' brilliant E.P. from earlier this year. Both share a rustic, acoustic lushness, an enchanting female vocalist, some fine playing and some beautiful songs. The Honeys have managed to fill up a whole album with a collection of tasteful and melodic songs that are the obvious result of much hard work.

Hard work it must have been too, to escape the cover band saturated Perth scene with credibility and musical identity intact. The band's style reflects a curious mesh of styles; country, gentle rock, English folk and early L.A. sound. It also projects visions of Australian landscapes in a fashion that reminds me of the way the Dingoes used to.

Full marks to an album with very little filler or padding. Guitarist Bruce Begley has written a series of well-crafted songs. "Fire And Brimstone", "Wood For The Trees" and the wonderfully textured "Damaris' Lament" are good examples of the quality of this disc.

This may take a few listens to get into, but it's nothing like hard work. It won't be the last time either that the word 'sweetness' is used in a Honeys review, but it does well in summing up the sound of this band. A subtle but striking debut.

— STEPHEN ANDREW

VARIOUS ARTISTS
An Introduction To Latin Hip Hop
(Possum)

As tasters go, this compilation of Latin hip-hop is a remarkably effective tool. It marries six incessant salsa-based dance tracks with sleeve notes that constitute a named ropper's paradise.

Laced with Latin jargon and a role call of obscure yet measurably hip producers, the text paints a vivid picture of the Nuyorican night life surrounding Club 10-18 and will do more to lay foundations for an Australian Latin hip-hop scene than will the music.

Ah yes, the music! Australian dance freaks will find that this is familiar dance floor fodder. Latin golden girl Sa-Fire "Let Me Be The One" and Diva's "I Wanna Break Night With You" carry a faint whiff of *deja vu* before we realise that we're hearing Madonna over a locomotive rhythm.

The tracks which succeed are the ones which openly flaunt their Latin influences. "Clave Rocks" by Amaretto with its Cuban horns and frantic beat suggests authenticity, while Bad Boy Orchestra's "Do You Wanna Dance" smacks of tight trousers and street menace.

Like most dance records, this is full of beans. But, by and large, they're refried and a bit too mushy.

— IAN DICKSON

WISHBONE ASH
Nouveau Calls
(No Speak)

Wishbone Ash was formed about the same time as Russ Hinze last saw his belly button in the shower. Yet the veteran band has never drunk the waters of commercial success and even its critical acclaim has been tempered by criticism of maintaining a narrow-minded, chisel-guitar sound. What a difference a record label makes. Signed up by the fledging, innovative 'No-Speak' label, 'Wishbone Ash' now seems to be rejuvenated and its vista extended to include a touch of jazz, a little classical night music and a more expansive rock sound. And no words to complicate matters. Of course, this does not a commercial success make. But, as for listenable, intriguing music, *Nouveau Calls* is to 1988 what Alan Parsons *I Robot* was to the last seventies.

'Tangible Evidence' is a frisky, hiccoughing opened that resides on the intellectual corner of a funky room. It is bettered by the bright, effervescent, small-group jazz of "Clousseau' and the desert warmth and mystique of 'Arabesque'. Indeed, there is not a track that comes a cropper on *Nouveau Calls*. It is a melodic, varied musical statement written on a timeless parchment.

— ROBERT VELLA

ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
Hairspray
(WEA)

If the title track doesn't just seduce you, then you've never been in love, never been young, probably don't deserve to live. Sung by Rachel Sweet, it's a pastiche of the golden teen love songs that came out of the early '60s.

Hairspray the Divine/Debbie Harry movie profiled in these pages two weeks back and screening in parts of this country, is set in 1962. The rest of the music is the real thing, from Gene Pitney! Little Peggy March! The Five Du-Tones! Guaranteed to get you rolling the carpet back and doing The Roach and The Madison and other dance steps.

When the movie had its premiere in Britain, Jonathan Richman apparently was so enamoured by the sweetness and purity of the music that he started dancing in the aisles! Recommendation enough?

— MARK CROMELIN

ELISA FIORILLO
Elisa Fiorillo
(Festival)

Elisa Fiorillo sang on Jellybean's recent club hit "Just A Mirage and here he returns the compliment. Elisa is 18, has a pretty voice and a pretty face and her record company overseas is awfully concerned but her because they reckon she's got Real Talent and don't want her overlooked as a Jellybean protege or someone cashing in on famous friends.

No, we don't think Elisa's talent is innate. it came a few years too early. Jellybean calls the shots and she sweets her way through ten songs, two written by her very own pinky. There are a few sub-Madonna moments but she ain't gonna change your life or the shape of pop music.

— LOUISE GRAY

VARIOUS ARTISTS
The House Sound Of London
Vol 4 — The Jackin' Zone
(FFRR import)

With all systems set on destruct, the liquid sunshine shines and raspy chants of 'Acieed! Acieed!' fill the heavy air. In moving House's central HQ from Chicago's windy-city environs to the pirate-infested airwaves of London, novelty has replaced disruption, but the disembodied, flanged brasslines and oscillating circuits remain. We've now entered the Jackin' Zone where brutalised beats, osmosis, and disfugured, freaky happenings rule the roost.

With the exception of the vastly overrated and undeniable crap Jamie Principle, this is some voyage into the deepest recesses of meaning and memory where all the House variants are resculptured and blended together in a miasma of orgasmatron dub riffs and wiry percussion scatter.

Commerce is high on the list of priorities so there's always a vigorous accessibility which liquidates all those notions of major label cash-ins. But its' subtly disguised as the cutting edge. So when you get repeating samples and weighted depth charge cosmetics by the House Addicts, in reality they're saying "We did it. It was simple. It cost someone else serious ackers". Richie Rich's 'Salsa House' is the sole navigator of uncharted regions, pilfering bits and pieces and reconstructing them in a misshapen Calvary of noises that stand up to any lithmus test.

But, prejudices aside, the Chicago stuff is the real deal, less likely to be bloated or some gruesome mirror-image of their own shortcomings. Tyree's 'Acid Over' cuts classic rap call-and-response with new resonances while the DMX rocks out, shaping such weirdness as Harry Chumnn's sci-fi themes drowning in a welter of orchestral overload.

— DELE FADELE

CRYSTAL GAYLE
Nobody's Angel
(WEA)

A coal miner's other daughter, Loretta Lynn's little sister, who still possesses the lengthiest locks in Christendom — 28 feet and still counting, by the look of it — Miss Crystal once turned my optics red raw to the sound of 'Talking In Your Sleep' and 'Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue'. Perfect evocations of love, curling up around the edges with pop meeting country about halfway.

Big misty eyes, a lump in the throat and a twang of the heart strings are still the stock in trade. Yet this particular bucketful of ballads is just plain chintzy, as the lady spreads her skirts and settles herself down to wait patiently for her prince to come, go and come again.

There's the occasional twinge of a steel guitar to foster the illusion that this is country music.

But the mawkish sentiments only add to the feeling of a latter day Lady Of Shalot, holed up in a penthouse, who'd simply asphyxiate if she ever took more than a gulp of fresh air.

A song called 'Hopeless Romantic' is here in case we've somehow missed the point. But the titles really don't matter at all. This is a mercilessly drab collection.

Enough to make you cry, in fact.

— PETER KANE

HELLOWEEN
Keeper Of The Seven Keys Pt 2
(Noise Import)

If you thought Anthrax had the most wigged-out sense of humour in mental metal, think again. German speedmunsters Helloween aren't so much a few sandwiches short of a picnic as a few slices short of a sandwich!

Take the current hit single 'Dr Stein' — over a quirky perky riff, the Frankenstein legend is re-cut to the accompaniment of a queasy organ and ham cackling.

Madder still, there's 'Rise And Fall', a potty melodramatic knees-up that ends with assorted farmyard noises and some *not very heavy metal* whistles.

But Helloween aren't farting up weak music with comedy. The jokes just make their tricky and detailed melodic speed metal that little bit more human — deflating some of the pomposity of their overblown charges.

In spite of the grand title, *Keeper* flirts only briefly with a concept storyboard. 'Keeper Of The Seven Keys' itself a twisting denouement to the tale of good and evil begun on *Keeper Part 1*'s epic *Halloween*. The remaining 50-plus minutes comprise a regular album — or at least as regular as could be expected from the terminally off-the-wall Helloween.

This band can be difficult, inventive and plain furious; 'Eagle Fly Free' is all three, darting from shuddering, heavily-wrought

powerdrive to unexpected solo improvisation. Yet it's also accessible, fluid, tuneful, controlled.

Despite their sporadic rages and little idosyncracies, Helloween are the single most accessible new age metal band — a natural and harmonic marriage of speed and mainstream strains.

In over an hour, Helloween don't run dry of ideas or melodies.

Over four LPs, they've developed from amateurish speedfreak eccentrics to sleek, paced eccentrics. Ultimately, a post-thrash Iron Maiden with all the tunes, all the power, none of the stodge and a pumpkin or two instead of Eddie.

— PAUL ELLIOTT

CHRISTOPHER CROSS
Back Of My Mind
(WEA)

The boy prodigy, who has found growing-up in the music business much harder than first expected, may have finally attained maturity, if the even handed probing of *Back Of My Mind* is any indication. Not since his debut, self-titled album, which featured the melodic imagery of 'Sailing', the blustery pop of 'Run Like The Wind' and the urgent romance of 'I Don't Really Know Anymore', has Christopher Cross done it with such purpose and poise.

Given that L.A. is his home and also his state of mind, Cross still can put a bit of alien energy into his better numbers. Tracks such as the highly-charged ballad 'Swept Away' is a typically sparse and intensely heartfelt, whilst the richly striated percussion and vibrant pop swing of 'She Told Me So' is the most contagious thing this side of winter.

Nevertheless, the above tracks are unlikely to be the ones those strange-minded beasts known as radio programmers will pick up. On an even, if somewhat unimaginative disc, Cross lets the melody run riot on the unimaginative disc, Cross lets the melody run riot on the sleepwalking title piece, the West Coast straight strumming of 'Never Stop Believing' and the sunny, inspirational 'Someday'.

With an angelic voice that would make a choir-boy seem like a leader of a brat-pack in comparison, Cross can become goody-goody tiresome, especially when he resists adding some metallic acid or synthesiser nastiness to his music. That is and always will be his limitation, even on an album which in the back of his mind, probably will remain his tightest and nicest.

— ROBERT VELLA

Julia's impressive debut . . .

JULIA FORDHAM
Julia Fordham
(Virgin/EMI)

"Im fit to burst with CD tracks and stereo
' A strange line for a song about the promiscuity of the lonely, but Julia Fordham's debut LP keeps sending out these uncomfortable clues.

There's the sleeve photography for a start, designed to display her boyishly modeltype figure and to disguise the fact that, as with many of us, Julia's nose is not Sindy's; it's so obsessed with some clean perfection that it misses the endearingly human aspects.

Similarly, the gleaming patina of the production and the musicianship here, combined with Fordham's weirdly open and ghostly voice, creates an unearthliness that not only makes Sade look like Slayer but also produces an environment not always totally suited to the singer's musings She's all too human; the record often isn't

Despite that, it's a fine record. I mean, a song called 'Woman Of The '80s' is guaranteed to piss anyone off with its uneasy irony (a female version of Prefab Sprout's silly 'Cruel' with some naff'I'm Not In Love' bluffing lobbed in), but that's only one turkey of a lyric amongst otherwise reasonable company.

And, to finish the slag off, ending an LP as languid as this with a duff "uptempo soul number" is merely vulgar. But . . . but the rest of *Julia Fordham* is pretty compelling.

The voice slides over things, goes choirboy soprano at the most random moments and then descends to an appealing gruffness. It strikes me more as an exercise in style than an emotional experience for either the singer or the listener, but luckily the whole affair is gripping enough to escape the horror of background music

Julia Fordham, then, probably doesn't work on its own terms. It looks like it's meant to be a stylish examination of the modern woman and to strike emotional resonances which are then tastefully set against the kind of music that modern women presumably listen to.

That is only succeeds in generating a

kind of an atmosphere in a vacuum — you get the feeling that the only people who will find it *moving* are its producers — doesn't make it a failure; a record needn't totally succeed on its own terms to be good. There's plenty enough here to make you happy persons while listening. So listen.

David Quantick

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS
They Might Be Giants

This is the stuff of the short attention span This band's biggest musical influences appear to be the sing-along sounds of commercials for Coca Cola, McDonalds, and the american equivalent of our own Red Rooster ads. Despite yourself the little ditties on this LP burrow under your boundaries of good taste and replay themselves in your conscious mind at odd moments sometimes days later. These are short, insidious songs with silly nonsense rhyme lyrics that ride that fine line between infectious and nausiating.

Imagine *Frank Zappa Sings The Resident's Commercial Album.* The Giants have a tinny, tacky charm that blurs the areas between pop music, satire, artistic credibility and selling out to non-musical forces. Their sound is cluttered but finely cut. The nasal, American, *"Hi therrre!"* vocals, the rinketty-tink drum machine and a vast collection of weird sounds from nowhere give this album a corrupt childlike quality about it.

Like the ads that inspired them, the songs often make no literal sense. Commercials have no plotline and many of these tracks are smart-arse titles wrapped up with a few rhymes and a humable melody. A couple of songs are deadly. Listen to "Put Your Hand Inside The Puppet Head" and "Don't Let's Start" and you won't be able to stop the merry-go-round chorus repeating in your head.

In itself the album means nothing. Put within our glass pacifier culture, this album lampoons our television of reality by jolting us with the very techniques that are used to sedate and then penetrate our grey matter. Here the TV talks back and for this reason alone it's worth having a listen to this. Look out for the cartoon on the cover.

STEPHEN ANDREW

BOBBY KING & TERRY EVANS
Live And Let Live
(Larrikin)

The best Ry Cooder album he'll make this year. He's produced it and his guitar sparkles all over it.

So who are Bobby King and Terry Evans? Two of this three back-up singers, that's who. In other words, not the ultra deep bass of Willie Greene Junior

But they don't need him for this album which is a romp through the Southern Soul textbook — from the hard groove of "Seeing Is Believing" (which is drenched in vintage Valentinos) and the title track to deep swooning ballads like "Saturday Night" and "At The Dark End Of The Street", via the rural walking blues of "Let Me Go Back To The Country".

This is the finest old-fashioned soul album you'll hear until Bobby Womack decides to rope in Ry for his new album.

— HUGH FIELDER

VAN MORRISON & THE CHIEFTAINS
Irish Heartbeat
(PolyGram)

Earlier this year, Van Morrison and The Chieftains — two proud sons of Ireland — did some together. The reviews from the overseas papers were positively gushing.

Irish Heartbeat explains to us Australians why this union was so sacred. The record not only represents Morrison's most thrilling stylistic manoeuvre since his 1980 masterpiece *Common One* but also makes for some of the most haunting, teasing, downright *friendly* music of the year. Thank God Morrison's finally lost his frown.

Seasoned Van-watchers should dispel any suspicion of the merger — The Chieftains infectious mix of traditional brio and incorrigible roguery makes them Morrison's best supporting cast since the modern jazz lineup on the brilliant *Astral Weeks*.

Most of the songs here are old Irish folk songs, sung and played with awesome intensity. Everyone involved sounds young, elated, liberated. The best songs? It's difficult but I'd settle for "Raglan Road", a dream date of harp and uillean pipes, "She Moved Through The Fair", a slow seduction by violin, and "My Logan Love".

At a time when we Australians all feel the economic pinch, society's shattered, racists come out of the woodwork filled with hate and paranoia, this kind of music leaves you with a golden glow. It says more about Irish lands and its people than a thousand brochures.

— DAVID CAVANAGH

RAMONES
Ramones Mania
(WEA)

The Ramones greatest hits could have been reduced from this double LP into a tiny coloured tablet. Washed down with a cup of foaming bat's blood and you shrink (like Alice) into a tiny, gaunt cartoon figure. You ARE Joey Ramone. The only way to enjoy the Ramones is to *join* the Ramones. The suspension of disbelief is too much to ask when these men and their music meet a non-participating listener. I don't need pills, just two big speakers, a powerful stereo, an air guitar or a broom handle and I'm speeding, sedated.

It's a bit of a cliche to say this when reflecting, but the early stuff is by far the best. The more recent material that works are either re-writes of earlier monsters ("Rock'n'Roll High School", c.f. "Sheena") or hilarious covers like "Indian Giver" and "Needle And Pins". There are some limp moments on sides three and four but the first two faces more than make up for that. All of side one and most of side two blister, bubble and burn with classic, mind numbing blasts of anorexic energy. Just consider, "I Wanna Be Sedated", "Teenage Labotomy" *('Larbodumeeeea!')*, 'Beat On The Brat", "Cretin Hop", "I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend" and my all time fave, "Sheena Is A Punk Rocker".

Simple, minimal, animal, driving and funny, the 2-D solid-sound has had many, mostly unsuccessful imitators. Like all great art its secret remains elusive. How can something so silly sounds so serious? Stretch out, flatten out and lick it up!

— STEPHEN ANDREW

TAV FALCO'S PANTHER BURNS
Red Devil
New Rose/Citadel

A new release from Tav Falco is always allowed to hold legendary status even before a stylus has been placed in a groove.

Falco and his swamp/rock ditchdigging co-horts lead by the grave yard caretaker Alex Chilton lead us through a pot pourri of long forgotten or largely ignored country/blues rock gems, with only one original among the ten songs presented. That song penned by Falco is 'Ode To Shetar' starts off sounding as though the harem is about to belly dance in your face, then quickly changes to a raw edged, ugly, anti-materialism, crawl, 'Standout amongst the other tracks is a cover of country music torture teller and ex Nancy Sinatra co-vocaliser, Lee Hazelwood's 'Poor Man' where Falco's voice is a note perfect sound-alike for Hazellwood's. The band's potential theme song 'Ditch Digging' is an upbeat number providing a good place to start if you're trying to work out this band's psyche.

If, like me, you're not sure about where this band is coming from, give it a few more listens for the sublety to seep out. Panther Burns are teachers not preachers.

— MARTY WILLIAMS

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Colors
(WEA)

America's latest celluloid controversy centres on Dennis Hopper's *Colors*, an LA gang movie that, critics claim, fans the flames of the bloody street warfare currently claiming lives quicker than the official deathcount can keep tabs.

'Colors', the soundtrack, offers rap violence as a filter of street friction. Ice T's title track resounds over police radio static and sub — 'Dirty Harry' hard nut babble. Both chilling and caustic, treading a sonic territory which, in style and content, walks close to the edge of gratuitous, it sets the tone and pace for what follows.

Other cuts that sit safely within the *Colors* framework are Decadent Dub Team's 44 Mag-Mix of the self explanatory 'Six Gun', more homicial hip-hop designed to warn the watcher from a safe distance whilst cloaking the subject ina badder-than-the-rest reputation. *"Go-go go ahead and make my day"* is the message over cut-ups of gun fire and radical oratory. 7A3's 'Mad Mad World' takes a more sussed street politic, treating gang wars as another symptom of urban (and global) mismanagement.

M.C. Shan and Cold Chillin' partner in crime Marley Marl's 'A Mind Is A Terrible Thing To Waste' cuts across the dominant macho philosophy that this music should long ago have purged from its system. In this baad company, Rick James' 'Everywhere I Go' is somewhat out-of-sync street funk but none the worse for that.

For the rest, you're already familiar with Cold Cut's 'Paid In Full" and Big Daddy Kane's awesome 'Raw', while Salt-N-Pepa cruise in low gear through 'Let The Rhythm Run'. But between the familiar and the predictable, there's enough genuine inspiration on display here to make this soundtrack a fine collection on its own merits. Recommended with reservations.

— SEAN O'HAGAN

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Singles — The Great New York Scene
(ROIR import, cassette only)

Yup, great tape, 14 tracks, everyone of them more of less a punk classic from the time when American punk rock was anorexic New Yorkers in shades making like charged-up Roy Orbisons.

Unfortunately this stuff was considered too arty for those American suburbanites who fell in love with the Pistols and dismissed the New York scene as not being Hardcore enough. The tracks here span 1974-1980, and the older the better. The two standouts are Patti Smith's "Piss Factory" and The Come On's "Disneyland" which goes *"I/hate-/Dis/ney/land, Mickey didn't shake my hand"* which just happens to be the wickedest lyric ever.

The best music was, is and always will be made by pretentious dickheads.

— STEVEN WELLS

SINGLES
GUEST-EDITED BY STEPHEN WALKER

SCHNELL FENSTER
Love Hate Relationship
(EMI)

Ex-Enzers continue their dysrythmic pop approach on their 2nd single from their debut LP. quirky vocals and jerky rhythms are balanced with an almost overloaded 'everything but the kitchen sink' instrumental and production style. Too clever by half, but appealing all the same. If the swinging Phil Judd can last the distance, this band wil make the 80's pop house even more crowded.

HOTHOUSE FLOWERS
I'm Sorry
(Polygram)

This Irish group's debut LP *'People'* is one of the best mainstream rock albums of 1988. This song, taken from the LP features impassioned confident vocals, an almost gospel style chorus and a real boogie woogie piano riff. Success is almost guaranteed for these guys if they can step out of the shadow of U know who.

SWAY
Hands Up
(Virgin)

Does the world need a Canadian Bananarama/ Chantoozies?

CINDERALLA
Gypsy Road
(Mercury)

The glamest of the new glam/hard rock bands from the US. Not as lethal as Poison or as loaded as Guns'n'Roses. Perhaps the second wave of this new trend will offer some new ideas.

STEVE FORBERT
Running On Love
(Geffen)

Steve began his career as a singer songwriter in the country folk rock tradition. His newie is produced by E. Street Band member Gary Tallent. Steve now sounds like a John Cougar Melonhead clone. Pity.

HARRY ENFIELD
Loadsamoney (Doin' Up The House)
(Mercury)

A heavy handed send up of the current UK sampled house music craze. Unfortunately the joke wears a bit thin after the first play. A worthy target, missed by a mile.

NEO CLASSIQUE
Firelight
(Neo Classique)

Production and performance are all here on this local independent release, unfortunately the song isn't. Look forward to their next effort.

EUROGLIDERS
Listen
(CBS)

The new stripped-down duo mark time here, in spite of the glossy but tough New York production. More substance and more hard work is required. A groove but not a listen.

GROWNUPS
Into The Beyond
(Grownups)

All the elements are here, good song, appealing vocals and a sparse and direct musical arrangement. The Melbourne's group's second single is a worthy followup to their excellent debut. The over loud instrumental mix is the only flaw. A new indepedent band to watch out for certainly.

NO MANS LAND
Anything At All
(Au Go Go)

A dense and heavy playing and production style overwhelm what may be a good song under here. Hard to tell. B side features a John Cale style 'Heartbreak Hotel'. Lighten up guys.

SHRINKING VIOLETS
Everything
(Phantom)

The busy, jingle jangle Sydney style of pop powers out on this debut single. Echoes of the Church, Ups and Downs etc . . .pop up throughout a melodic delivery. Reserve judgement until the next release.

TRANSVISION VAMP
I Want Your Love
(MCA)

Bratish girl/woman vocals a la the Primitives, Blondie etc . . set to a rockin' repetitive pop approach. Instantly appealing and arousing. See the video, make it a hit. 7 & 12 inches of fun.

YAZ AND THE PLASTIC PEOPLE
The Only Way Is Up
(CBS)

Yaz is the voice on Coldcut's 'Doctorin' The House', the Plastic People were the 'real' instruments. Number one in England and an exploding plastic inevitable hit in Oz. Enjoy it in the short time before you are sick to death of it.

THE SUGARCUBES
Birthday
(Liberation)

A re-recording of the stunning debut single, with guest guitar and vocals of the Jesus and Mary Chain. It works! Of course the original is unsurpassed, but the additional buzz saw guitar and vocals create a more than interesting new version. A must, really.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
Tougher Than The Rest
(CBS)

The 12" version features the album version of the song, a live acoustic version plus a live 'Be True' and a live acoustic 'Born To Run'. Overexposed, overhyped and misinterpreted, Bruce still delivers the quality and commitment. The title says it all.

IEWS...REVIEWS...REVIEWS...RE

VIDEOS...VIDEOS...

Barfly

Starring: Mickey Rourke, Frank Stallone, Faye Dunaway
(Vestron)

This is a typical story based on the life of *Barfly's* author and screenwriter, Charles Bukowski, the most widely read American writer in translation in the world today.

Henry Chinaski (Mickey Rourke) leads the life of a barfly. But unlike the average drunk, is able to spout philosophy, quote Tolstoy and write gifted and prolific poetry.

Henry can usually be found drinking at the Golden Horn Lounge or getting beaten up by the night bartender (Frank Stallone) with whom he is having a running feud. No brawl is violent enough, no drink strong enough to challenge Henry's experience of living life on the edge — living on his terms — in an attempt to escape the blandness of conformity.

Between the bottle and the bar, Henry meets Wanda Wilcox (Faye Dunaway). Wanda, lonely and frustrated, drinks because she thinks it is the only thing left to do. She has an intelligence born of disillusion and though she has lost much of her sense of purpose, retains a sense of dry, sharp humour.

As they submit to their turbulent yet tender love affair and begin to try to structure their lives, their relationship is threatened by the charms of Tully, a literary editor, who has discovered Henry's writing and proposes to become his lover and meal ticket.

Barfly is not for the ignorant, but then the intellectual may find it self indulgent, as the character of Chinaski is placed on a pedastal for the duration of the film simply because he happens to be an alcoholic who is intelligent. This may be due to Bukowski's immense control over the film; he was telephoned day or night for the approval to any script changes, no matter how small.

For some reason *Barfly* is promoted as a black comedy. This is strange as there is little to laugh at. A more accurate description would be a 'slice of life' of Charles Bukowski.

— DEBRA NICHOLDS

The Boss' Wife

Starring: Daniel Stern, Arielle Dombasle, Fisher Stevens
(CBS Fox)

Joel Keiffer is one of two rising stars in the stockbrokers bullpen. He has all the right ingredients to succeed in the fast-paced corporate environment: dedication, diligence, intelligence and most importantly, he knows the right people — prerequisite in climbing the golden ladder to yuppieland. Joel's competitor knows the ropes too and is just as determined to get to the top.

There is one major drawback for Joel, the boss' wife! She has decided Joel is her next victim . . . in bed. What should a man do? Should he take up on this irresistible offer of a lifetime — to be with this beautiful girl intent on a sexual conquest, or be faithful to his loving wife and his very possessive boss. Decisions!

The quote on the cassette's jacket, 'for Joel Keiffer there's only one thing that comes easy . . . the boss' wife', gives an accurate picture of what lurks inside without pressing the 'play' button. If you have the impression it may be a creatively handicapped film which insults the average person's intelligence, I couldn't agree with you more.

The Boss' Wife is supposedly a titillating situation comedy, but try hard as it may to turn a situation into a hilarious comical event, it fails, for this script lacks the essential ingredient — wit.

— DEBRA NICHOLDS

FILMS...FILMS...FI

M...M...M...Max scores lead role in US thriller

Actor Matt Freuwer — best known as TVs Max Headroom — has landed the lead role in a new film called *Far From Home*, which is currently in production in Los Angeles.

It's a thriller about a man and his 15-year-old daughter, trapped in a remote desert town and terrorised by a psychotic murderer.

The film also stars Drew Barrymore, best rememered for E.T., Richard Masur *(Risky Business)*, Susan Tyrrel *(Big Top Pee Wee)*, Dick Miller *(Gremlins)* and Anne Ramsey, who was nominated for an Academy Award for her role in *Throw Momma From The Train.*

Far From Home will move shortly to the Nevada Desert for the majority of filming, under the direction of Meiert Avis and producer Don Borchers.

★ ★ ★

The talk of Hollywood at the moment is the reported $55 million that is to be spent remaking the Victor Hugo classic, *Les Miserables.*

Currently a smash hit musical playing right around the world — including Australia — a deal is allegedly about to be signed between Tri-Star Pictures and producer Cameron Mackintosh.

Alan Parker, who made *Fame, Midnight Express* and *Pink Floyd The Wall,* is tipped to direct the film remake.

Les Miserables has been made several times over the years. Aside from versions in 1909, 1913, 1917 and 1934, it was made in 1935 in black and white, starring Frederick March and Charles Laughton. It was nominated for an Academy Award that year as Best Picture.

It was made again in 1952 with Michael Rennie and Robert Newton in the leading roles.

★ ★ ★

Bette Midler is about to start work on the remake of the 1935 classic film *Stella Dallas.*

It's the story of an ucouth woman who loses her husband and daughter. Midler of course, will play the uncouth woman.

When made in 1935, the film earned Barbara Stanwyck an Academy Award nomination and one for co-star Anne Shirley, too. The film was produced by Samuel Goldwyn, who'd made it 10 years earlier with Belle Bennett and Ronald Colman in the leading roles.

Midler says the story will remain the same, but with a 1980s feel to it.

The actress/singer has just completed work on the film *Beaches*, the story of two women and their friendship over a period of 30 years. her co-star is Barbara Hershey.

Stella Dallas will be masde by Midler's own production company, All Girl Productions. "We have a motto," she says. "It's 'we hold a grudge'!"

★ ★ ★

Massive secrecy surrounds the return to film of massive actor Marlon Brando, expected to start work in London this week on his first film in eight years.

Brando, last seen on screen in 1980's *The Formula,* has a leading role in MGM's anti-apartheid film, *A Dry White Season*, most of which is shot in Zimbabwe.

In the film, Brando plays a South African lawyer who undertakes to expose the unfairness of apartheid.

One work on *A Dry White Season* has been completed, Brando will start work on another project, playing a CIA agent in a film he wrote and will co-produce, called *Jerricho.*

Brando flew to Australia in December last year, to stay at a private health farm in Queensland, in a desperate bid to shed some of his 139kg (22 stone) weight.

Brando, now aged 63, has won two Academy Awards during his carrer. The first was for *On The Waterfront* in 1954 (for which he also won a British Film award) and *The Godfather* in 1972.

1988 marks his return to acting, which he once described as "an empty and useless profession".

★ ★ ★

IN BRIEF

Jack Nicholson has been signed to play the part of The Joker in a new British film version of *Batman.* No word yet on who'll play Batman, although the good money's on **Robert Redford,** with **Al Pacino** pencilled in to play Robin . . .

Miami Vice star **Don Johnson** has completed work on his new film *Dead Bang,* in which he starts as a homicide investigator . . . **Menachem Golan** and **Yoram Globus** have signed former **Who** singer **Roger Daltrey** and **Raoul Julia** to star in their film version of **Bertolt Brecht's** musical, *The Threepenny Opera,* Daltrey wil play the Street Singer and Julia, Mack The Knife . . .

WORDS...ROCKWORDS...WORDS...ROC

F	O	L	Z	O	L	O	B	D	A	O	Q	A	D
W	G	E	F	E	E	D	Z	U	Z	E	J	B	B
A	M	O	F	A	I	R	G	R	O	U	N	D	B
T	A	A	J	A	D	T	E	N	E	L	T	N	O
R	A	E	H	E	E	J	T	A	E	W	R	P	J
E	I	X	U	N	O	O	X	F	B	S	I	A	T
W	U	Q	I	D	R	E	I	E	O	D	C	L	H
R	E	R	T	U	H	A	A	T	P	R	K	M	I
O	O	D	A	E	U	F	F	S	M	O	H	E	N
B	S	N	B	T	S	I	A	E	P	L	G	R	K
S	O	A	K	N	A	U	P	E	S	E	A	V	M
I	E	W	D	U	S	N	O	Y	E	M	B	O	T
A	Y	E	L	L	O	N	E	H	D	I	N	G	E
E	K	A	I	X	D	I	T	B	K	T	O	R	O

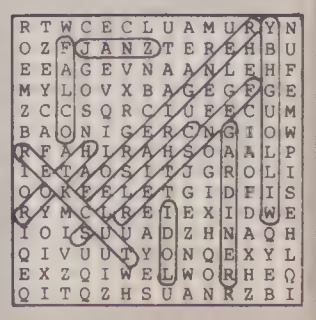
All you need to do is find and circle the words (they can run upwards, backwards, diagonally, etc) and the first three correct entries received will win a six-month subscription to Juke. NB Current subscription holders are ineligible.

You'll find this week's ROCKWORDS in the Juke Top Ten Oz Singles of September 17.

1. DOCTOR IN' THE TARDIS, by (Group's name?)
2. PERFECT, (First name?) Attraction.
3. SIMPLY IRRESISTIBLE, Robert (surname?)
4. THAT'S WHEN I (.....?) OF YOU, 1927.
5. DON'T BE CRUEL, Cheap (second name?)
6. AGE OF REASON, John (surname?)
7. ALL FIRED UP, Pat (surname?)
8. ANYTHING FOR YOU, Gloria (surname?)
9. OH YEAH, (Name?)
10. BETTER BE HOME SOON, Crowded (second name?)

Last week's answers:

Chills
Falco
Fenster
Foreigner
Gardiner
Idol
Janz
Rath
Tucker
Willoughby



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JUKE OZ CHARTS

SINGLES

1	2	**PERFECT, Fairground Attraction**	**BMG/RCA**
2	3	**SIMPLY IRRESISTIBLE, Robert Palmer**	**EMI**
3	1	**DOCTORIN' THE TARDIS, Timelords**	**BMG/RCA**
4	4	**THAT'S WHEN I THINK OF YOU, 1927**	**WEA**
5	5	**DON'T BE CRUEL, Cheap Trick**	**CBS**
6	12	PUSH IT, Salt 'N' Pepa	PolyGram
7	7	ALL FIRED UP, Pat Benatar	Festival
8	6	AGE OF REASON, John Farnham	BMG/RCA
9	10	BETTER BE HOME SOON, Crowded House	EMI
10	18	NEVER TEAR US APART, INXS	WEA
11	13	MONKEY, George Michael	CBS
12	15	WANNA BE UP, Chantoozies	Mushroom/Fest
13	9	OH YEAH, Yello	PolyGram
14	17	WILD WORLD, Maxi Priest	Virgin/EMI
15	14	DUKE OF EARL, Dukes of Earlwood	EMI
16	8	ANYTHING FOR YOU, Gloria Estefan	CBS
17	24	THE TWIST, Fat Boys with Chubby Checker	PolyGram
18	19	NOTHIN' BUT A GOOD TIME, Poison	Liberation/CBS
19	—	PERFECT WORLD, Huey Lewis	Festival
20	11	I OWE YOU NOTHING, Bros	CBS
21	16	HOLE IN MY HEART, Cyndi Lauper	CBS
22	20	UNDERNEATH THE RADAR, Underworld	WEA
23	23	THEME FROM S-EXPRESS, S-Express	BMG/RCA
24	—	I CAN'T HELP IT, Bananarama	Liberation/CBS
25	—	FALLEN ANGEL, Poison	Liberation/CBS

ALBUMS

1	1	**AGE OF REASON, John Farnham**	**BMG/RCA**
2	3	**TOUR OF DUTY II, Soundtrack**	**CBS**
3	2	**TEMPLE OF LOW MEN, Crowded House**	**EMI**
4	4	**TRACY CHAPMAN, Tracy Chapman**	**WEA**
5	10	**CHANTOOZIES, Chantoozies**	**Mushroom/Fest**
6	6	HEAVY NOVA, Robert Palmer	EMI
7	5	PUSH, Bros	CBS
8	7	KYLIE, Kylie Minogue	Mushroom/Fest
9	9	BONK, Big Pig	Mushroom/Fest
10	13	VIDEO HITS, Various	CBS
11	12	TOUR OF DUTY, TV Soundtrack	CBS
12	19	KICK, INXS	WEA
13	11	OPEN UP AND SAY AAH! Poison	Liberation/CBS
14	20	REMEMBER ME, Cliff Richard	EMI
15	21	LAP OF LUXURY, Cheap Trick	CBS
16	8	THE FIRST OF A MILLION KISSES, Fairground Attraction	BMG/RCA
17	15	LIVE 1980-86, Joe Jackson	Festival
18	—	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION, Guns 'N' Roses	WEA
19	17	THE SHOUTING STAGE, Joan Armatrading	Festival
20	14	WHISPERING JACK, John Farnham	BMG/RCA
21	23	GOOD MORNING VIETNAM, Original Soundtrack	Festival
22	18	WOW, Bananarama	Liberation/CBS
23	22	OU812, Van Halen	WEA
24	25	REG STRIKES BACK, Elton John	PolyGram
25	—	SUR LA MER, Moody Blues	PolyGram

ALTERNATIVELY

SINGLES

1	**STREETS OF YOUR TOWN, Go Betweens**	**Mushroom**
2	**BIRTHDAY, Sugarcubes**	**Liberation**
3	**MERCY SEAT, Nick Cave**	**Mute**
4	**APATHY, T.I.S.M.**	**Elvis**
5	**MOTORBIKIN', The Johnnys**	**Mushroom**
6	FEAR, Exploding White Mice	Greasy
7	NO, No	Au Go Go
8	I THINK I LOVE YOU, Ratcat	Waterfront
9	WALKING ABOUT, Venom P Stinger	Aberrant
10	TROUBLE FROM PROVIDENCE, Sacred Cowboys	Citadel
11	REPTILE, The Church	EMI
12	SHE'S KING, Marty Wilson Piper	Ryko
13	OWN LITTLE WORLD, Porcelain Bus	Citadel
14	TOO MANY CLUES, Ed Kuepper	True Tone
15	GOOD TO BE GONE, The Wreckery	Citadel
16	THIN RED LINE, Roaring Jack	Mighty Boy
17	NO YOU KNOW, Someloves	White
18	FIESTA, The Rogues	Festival
19	SIXTEEN, The Spliffs	Revolution
20	DEANNA, Nick Cave	Mute
21	LIT BY THE FUSE, Ups & Downs	Mushroom
22	INTO THE BEYOND, Grown Ups	Grown Ups
23	WAITN' FOR THE GREAT LEAP FORWARD, Billy Bragg	Go Discs
24	EVERYTHING, Shrinking Violets	Phantom
25	TOWERS OF STRENGTH, Died Pretty	Blue Mosque

ALBUMS

1	**16 LOVERS LANE, Go Betweens**	**Festival**
2	**BARBED WIRE KISSES, The Jesus & Mary Chain**	**WEA**
3	**YOUNG BLOOD, Various**	**Roo Art**
4	**KISS MY ART, Painters & Dockers**	**Doc/White**
5	**LIFE'S TOO GOOD, Sugarcubes**	**Liberation**
6	GROWN UP WRONG, The Johnnys	Mushroom
7	BRUTE FORCE AND IGNORANCE, Exploding White Mice	Greasy
8	OUT, Happy Hate Me Nots	Waterfront
9	INSTINCT, Iggy Pop	Festival
10	RAMONES MANIA, Ramones	WEA
11	COPY CATS, Thunders/Palladin	Citadel
12	TROUBLE FROM PROVIDENCE, Sacred Cowboys	Citadel
13	LEATHER DONUT, Various	Black Eye
14	HARD TO BEAT, Variuus	Au Go Go
15	GREAT TRUCKING SONGS OF THE RENAISSANCE, T.I.S.M.	Elvis
16	HINDSIGHT, The Church	EMI
17	RED DEVIL, Panther Burns	Citadel
18	PADDOCK OF LOVE, Lubricated Goat	Black Eye
19	GHOST STORIES, Dream Syndicate	Enigma
20	ARE WE STILL HERE, Various	Dominator
21	LOST, Died Pretty	Blue Mosque
22	INTO THE VOID, Vicious Circle	Reactor
23	BACK TO MYSELF, Hand Me Down	Greasy
24	EVERYBODYS GOT TO, Ed Kuepper	True Tone
25	RUE MORGUE BLUES, Hugo Race	Rampant

Alternative chart compiled with the help of Au Go Go, Polyester, Umberella and Phantom Records

Metal

1	**KEEPER OF THE SEVEN KEYS PART 2, Helloween**	**(Noise)**
2	**SURFIN M.O.D., M.O.D.**	**(Megaforce)**
3	**OUT OF THIS WORLD, Europe**	**(CBS)**
4	**OPEN UP AND SAY . . . AHH! Poison**	**(CBS)**
5	**SOUTH OF HEAVEN, Slayer**	**(WEA)**
6	**QUEEN OF THIEVES, Taramis**	**(Metal Blade)**
7	**APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION, Guns 'n' Roses**	**(WEA)**
8	**SECOND SIGHTING, Frehleys Comet**	**(WEA)**
9	**THE NEW ORDER, Testament**	**(Megaforce)**
10	**EXTREME VOLUME - LIVE -, Racer X**	**(Roadrunner)**

● *Courtesy Metal For Melbourne Records*

Clubland

1 **POP MUSIC, All Systems Go**
2 **JACK TO THE SOUND, Hithouse**
3 **I BEG YOUR PARDON, Kon Kan (Tinned Greek)**
4 **DRAGONS MEGAMIX, Koto**
5 **BITE THE BULLET, They Never Sleep**
6 **LOVE THE ONE YOU'RE WITH, Chino Soccio**
7 **SENDING ALL MY LOVE, The Jets**
8 **HOTHOUSE, D.J. Jack (no beanstalk)**
9 **YOUR LOVE JUST CAME TOO LATE, Erin Fachin**
10 **REACH OUT '88, Four Tops**

● *Courtesy Central Station Record, Melbourne*

Videos

1	**PREDATOR**	**(CBS-Fox)**
2	**LA BAMBA**	**(RCA-Columbia-Hoyts)**
3	**THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS**	**(Warner Bros)**
4	**THE UNTOUCHABLES**	**(CIC-Taft)**
5	**PLANES, TRAINS & AUTOMOBILES**	**(CIC-Taft)**
6	**FATAL BEAUTY**	**(CEL)**
7	**CAN'T BUY ME LOVE**	**(Touchstone)**
8	**FULL METAL JACKET**	**(Warner Bros)**
9	**THROW MOMMA FROM THE TRAIN**	**(RCA-Columbia-Hoyts)**
10	**SUSPECT**	**(RCA-Columbia-Hoyts)**

● *Courtesy Movieland*

Go Betweens flying high with their single and LP on the Alternate Charts

CHARTS

USA

SINGLES

1	1	**SWEET CHILD O'MINE, Guns 'n' Roses**	**Geffen**
2	3	**SIMPLY IRRESISTIBLE, Robert Palmer**	**EMI/Manhattan**
3	2	**MONKEY, George Michael**	**Columbia**
4	4	**PERFECT WORLD, Huey Lewis And The News**	**Chrysalis**
5	7	**IF IT ISN'T LOVE, New Edition**	**MCA**
6	9	I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU, Taylor Dayne	Arista
7	11	DON'T WORRY BE HAPPY, Bobby McFerrin	EMI/Manhattan
8	8	WHEN IT'S LOVE, Van Halen	Warner Bros
9	10	NOBODY'S FOOL, Kenny Loggins	Columbia
10	17	LOVE BITES, Def Leppard	Mercury
11	14	ONE GOOD WOMAN, Peter Cetera	Full Moon
12	13	IT WOULD TAKE A STRONG MAN, Rick Astley	RCA
13	16	DON'T BE CRUEL, Cheap Trick	Epic
14	21	I HATE MYSELF FOR LOVING YOU, Joan Jett & The Blackhearts	Blackheart
15	5	I DON'T WANNA GO ON WITH YOU LIKE THAT, Elton John	MCA
16	6	FAST CAR, Tracy Chapman	Elektra
17	12	ANOTHER PART OF ME, Michael Jackson	Epic
18	22	PLEASE DON'T GO GIRL, New Kids On The Block	Columbia
19	15	I DON'T WANNA LIVE WITHOUT YOUR LOVE, Chicago	Reprise
20	—	FALLEN ANGEL, Poison	Enigma
21	—	RED RED WINE, UB40	A&M
22	24	A NIGHTMARE ON MY STREET, DJ Jazzy Jeff	Jive/RCA
23	25	WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND (PURE ENERGY), Information Society	Tommy Boy
24	—	STAYING TOGETHER, Debbie Gibson	Atlantic
25	19	ROLL WITH IT, Steve Winwood	Warner Bros

ALBUMS

1	1	**APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION, Guns 'n' Roses**	**Geffen**
2	2	**TRACY CHAPMAN, Tracy Chapman**	**Elektra**
3	3	**HYSTERIA, Def Leppard**	**Mercury**
4	4	**ROLL WITH IT, Steve Winwood**	**Virgin**
5	5	**HE'S THE DJ, I'M THE RAPPER, DJ Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince**	**Jive**
6	6	FAITH, George Michael	Columbia
7	8	OPEN UP AND SAY . . . AHH! Poison	Enigma
8	7	DIRTY DANCING, Original Motion Picture Soundtrack	RCA
9	9	OU812, Van Halen	Warner Bros
10	10	LONG COLD WINTER, Cinderella	Mercury
11	11	HEAVY NOVA, Robert Palmer	EMI/Manhattan
12	12	KICK, INXS	Atlantic
13	13	SMALL WORLD, Huey Lewis And The News	Chrysalis
14	14	LET IT LOOSE, Gloria Estefan And Miami Sound Machine	Epic
15	21	COCKTAIL, Original Motion Picture Soundtrack	Elektra
16	18	DON'T BE CRUEL, Bobby Brown	MCA
17	17	INTRODUCING THE HARDLINE ACCORDING TO, Terence Tret D'Arby	Columbia
18	15	STRONGER THAN PRIDE, Sade	Epic
19	16	HEART BREAK, New Edition	MCA
20	19	IN EFFECT MODE, Al B. Sure!	Uptown/Warner
21	20	FOLLOW THE LEADER, Eric B. & Rakim	MCA
22	24	A SALT WITH A DEADLY PEPA, Salt-N-Pepa	Next Plateau
23	23	LAP OF LUXURY, Cheap Trick	Epic
24	—	SIMPLE PLEASURES, Bobby McFerrin	EMI/Manhattan
25	22	RICHARD MARX, Richard Marx	Manhattan

UK

SINGLES

1	9	**HE AIN'T HEAVY HE'S MY BROTHER, Hollies**	**EMI**
2	3	**A GROOVY KIND OF LOVE, Phil Collins**	**Virgin**
3	4	**TEARDROPS, Womack & Womack**	**4th & Broadway**
4	6	**THE RACE, Yello**	**Mercury**
5	1	**THE ONLY WAY IS UP, Yazz & The Plastic Population**	**Big Life**
6	2	THE HARDER I TRY, Brother Beyond	EMI
7	—	LOVELY DAY (SUNSHINE MIX), Bill Withers	CBS
8	—	I QUIT, Bros	CBS
9	5	DON'T MAKE ME WAIT/MEGABLAST, Bomb The Bass	Rhythm King
10	10	HEAVEN IN MY HANDS, Level 42	Polydor
11	—	ANOTHER PART OF ME, Michael Jackson	Epic
12	12	RUSH HOUR, Jane Wiedlin	EMI/Manhattan
13	7	MY LOVE, Julio Inglesias featuring Stevie Wonder	CBS
14	13	TOUCHY! A-Ha	Warner Bros
15	—	EASY, Commodores	Motown
16	8	HANDS TO HEAVEN, Breathe	Siren
17	19	TEAR RUN RINGS, Marc Almond	Parlaphone
18	—	BIG FUN, Inner City Featuring Kevin Saunderson	10
19	16	ANYTHING FOR YOU, Gloria Estefan & The Miami Sound Machine	Epic
20	—	NOTHING CAN DIVIDE US, Jason Donovan	PWL
21	23	HE AIN'T HEAVY HE'S MY BROTHER, Bill Medley	Polydor
22	—	STOP THIS CRAZY THING, Coldcut	Ahead Of Our Time
23	—	MAKE ME LAUGH, Anthrax	Island
24	—	I'M GONNA BE (500 MILES), Proclaimers	Chrysalis
25	11	THE LOCOMOTION, Kylie Minogue	PWL

ALBUMS

1	—	**RANK, Smiths**	**Rough Trade**
2	1	**KYLIE, Kylie Minogue**	**PWL**
3	23	**RAP TRAX! Various**	**Stylus**
4	23	**...AND JUSTICE FOR ALL, Metallica**	**Vertigo**
5	3	**TRACY CHAPMAN, Tracy Chapman**	**Elektra**
6	2	THE FIRST OF A MILLION KISSES, Fairground Attraction	RCA
7	8	BAD, Michael Jackson	Epic
8	5	HOT CITY NIGHTS, Various	Vertigo
9	25	PUSH, Bros	CBS
10	4	NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC 12, Various	EMI/Virgin/PolyGram
11	6	THE BEST OF EAGLES, Eagles	Asylum
12	—	THE NEPHILIM, Fields of the Nephilim	Situation Two
13	11	THE GREATEST EVER ROCK'N'ROLL MIX, Various	Stylus
14	7	SO GOOD, Mica Paris	4th & Broadway
15	—	PEEPSHOW, Siouxsie & The Banshees	Wonderland
16	18	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION, Guns 'n' Roses	Geffen
17	9	IDOL SONGS-II OF THE BEST, Billy Idol	Chrysalis
18	20	HYSTERIA, Def Leppard	Bludgeon Riffola
19	12	DON'T BE AFRAID OF THE DARK, Robert Cray	Mercury
20	—	HEAVEN ON EARTH, Belinda Carlisle	Virgin
21	—	TWICE THE LOVE, George Benson	Warner Bros
22	16	DIRTY DANCING, Soundtrack	RCA
23	21	TANGO IN THE NIGHT, Fleetwood Mac	Warner Bros
24	—	OUT OF THIS WORLD, Europe	Epic
25	—	WHITNEY, Whitney Houston	Arista

OUT! this week

Vinyl

Singles

PHIL COLLINS
A Groovy Kind Of Love (7", 12", CD)
BEACH BOYS
Kokomo
DEEP PURPLE
Hush (7", CD)
MICK JAGGER
Primitive Cool (7", 12")
SPANDAU BALLET
Roar (7", 12", CD)
SMITHEREENS
House We Used To Live In
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
Tougher Than The Rest (CD, cassette)
MARK OF CAIN
The Lords Of Summer
SHRINKING VIOLETS
Everything

SALT & PEPA
Push It (7", 12")
RHYTHM CORPS
Common Ground
REO SPEEDWAGON
Here With Me
KIKKIT
Love Fixation (12")
SCARY BILL
Crossroad
SABRINA
(Sexy Girl (7", 12")
CATFISH
The Early Hours (7", 12")
LA MIX
Check This Out (7", 12")
DEF LEPPARD
Love Bites (7", 12", CD)
JON ENGLISH
We'll Be There
NICK CAVE
The Mercy Seat
BRUCE HORNSBY
Look Out Any Window

PEBBLES
Take Your Time (7", 12")
THE SARCASTICS
Snobs Like Her
P.M.
Piece Of Paradise
ANDY LEEK
Please Please
BIG STORM
Rubber Love
GLENN FREY
True Love (12")
SEX PISTOLS
Anarchy In the UK (CD)
SIMPLE MINDS
Don't You Forget About Me (CD)
XTC
Senses Working Over Time (CD)
ROXY MUSIC
Jealous Guy (CD)

Albums

BLACK SORROWS
Hold On To Me
MICK JAGGER
She's The Boss/Primitive Cool
DIAMANDAS GALAS
You Must Be Certain With The Devil
LADYSMITH BLACK MAMBAZO
Journey Of Dreams
STEVE FORBERT
Streets Of This Town
WET ONES
Crack Up
THE CULT
Dreamtime (re-release)
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Rai Rebels
ELECTRIC CHAMBER ORCHESTRA
Morning (Opus One)

VIOLENCE
Eternal Nightmare
CINDERELLA
Long Cold Winter
CHRIS JORDAN
Twilight Of The Gods
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Club Mix '88
WIERD AL YANKOVIC
Even Worse
VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE
Let It Bee
LINSDAY BUTLER
The Butler Did It
ROY LONEY & THE PHANTOM MOVERS
The Scientific Bombs Awkay
TAZZAD
Tazzad
RAVI SHANKAR
The Genius Of Pandit Ravi Shankar
TAILGATORS
Mumbo Stumbo

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Nightmare On Carnaby Street
BARREN CROSS
Atomic Arena
BAUHAUS
1979-1983
ALBERT KING
New Orleans Heat
SPANIELS
Stormy Weather
BB KING
Completely Live And Well
JOHNNY "GUITAR" WATSON
I Heard That
MELANIE
Collection
ZOMBIES
Collection
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Lonely Is An Eyesore
XMAL DEUTSCHLAND
Tocsin

CD

YES
Tales From Topographic Oceans
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
Beetlejuice
LADYSMITH BLACK MAMBAZO
Journey Of Dreams
VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE
Let It Bee
CINDERELLA
Long Cold Winter

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Club Mix '88
BLACK SORROWS
Hold On To Me
ALIEN SEX FIEND
Acid Bath
STEVE FORBERT
Streets Of This Town
VIOLENCE
Eternal Nightmare

ELECTRIC CHAMBER ORCHESTRA
Morning (Opus One)
KEITH JARRETT
Sacred Hymns
CARLA BLEY
Sextet
STEPHAN MICUS
East of The Night
CARLA BLEY BAND
European Tour 1977

Video

BENJI, THE HUNTED
(Family, G, Disney)

DOUBLE AGENT
(Spy Adventure, PG, Disney)

ESCAPE FROM THE DARK
(Drama, PG, Disney)
I WAS A TEENAGE TV TERRORIST
(Comedy, G, Premiere)

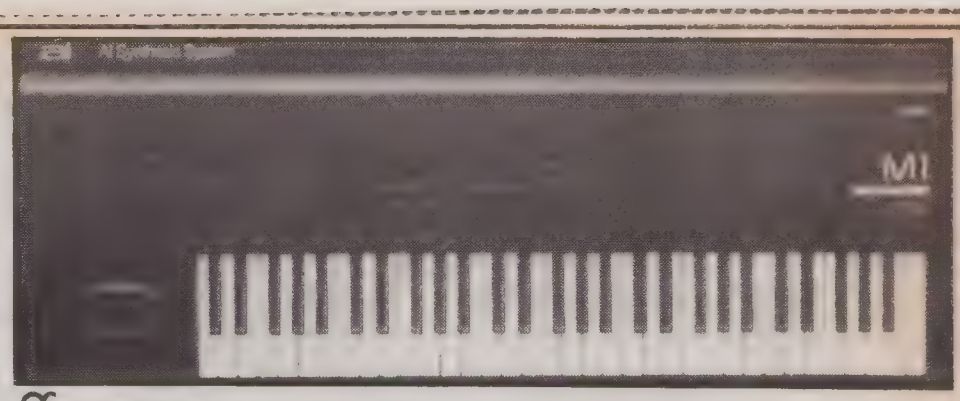
JAMES DEAN, THE MOVIE
(Drama, PG, Premiere)

ROTOR
(Action, M, Premiere)

BANDWAGON

EDITED: BRYAN PATTERSON

Korg's MI Keyboard: don't let the dull name put you off



The Guild D-45's use of solid ash combined with spruce represents a breakthrough in acoustic construction.

Somewhere in the world, there is a group of boffins whose sole job is to think up inauspicious names for new musical instruments.

It must be true. How else can you explain the dreary monickers given to the new breed of sci-fi sound makers?

Once we parted with the folding stuff for instruments with suitably impressive names like Prophet, Polymoog, the Siel Opera and the Elka Sythex. Nowadays, it's all numbers — DX7, WX7, D50, S50, CSI000, MC500 etc.

The number boys have done it again with the MI, Korg's latest keyboard. Fortunately, the sleep-inducing name is about the only thing wrong with this spectacular machine.

The crucial number to remember here is the price — around $3500. But for that, you get more than a snazzy-looking keyboard with a few nice sounds.

The MI is a complete MIDI studio combining a massive two MegaWords of 16-bit samples in ROM, conventional synth sounds, four drum kits, a stack of great digital effects and an on-board sequencer that is stunningly simple to operate.

When you consider the financial and emotional cost of getting all those components separately and then patching them together, the MI's price tag is chickenfeed by comparism.

In some ways, the MI is reminscent of the American Kurzweil (although Korg's machine is cheaper and easier to use).

Although made by a Japanese company, it is largely the result of American and European research. And boy, these guys really did their homework.

For starters, the MI looks great with its black moulded plastic causing, a clean-cut array of round buttons and a gleaming 61-note keyboard.

The keyboard has a nice feel it it. Although not weighted, it is closer in feel to an acoustic piano keyboard than most other modern synths in the price range.

The Mi is a 16-voice synth that can play up to a maximum eight sounds at once with layers and splits.

The sounds are arranged as 100 'programs' and 100 'combinations' (two ormore programs that have been grouped together for simultaneous play).

There are four types of sound data — samples, digital waveforms (heard previously on Korg's underrated DW Series synths), attack transients and drums.

Most of the sounds are excellent, especially the pianos, acoustic guitars, brass and the range of 'New Age' timbres that will no doubt be heard on a stack of records in the next few months.

But what sets the MI apart from the others is its ability to combine sounds indifferent configurations in less time that it takes to say 'Gee, that was fast'.

And it's possible to change combinations of sounds and edit real time. As a live performance facility, this is hard to beat.

Editing is a simple process of fine tuning the two oscillators, and a variable digital filter. There's also microtuning and a random pitch facility that slightly alters the pitch every time a key is hit.

No-one could accuse Korg of being mean with its digital effects. There are two independant and programmable processors offering 33 choices including reverbs, delays, chorus, tremelo, exciter and even a rotary speaker mode.

Playing with these is a lot of fun, and invaluable for creating the huge sounds that are so popular today.

The effects can be combined in series or parellel and all effects can be assigned separately to each sound or sequencer track.

So it is possible, and sometimes even desirable, to have an acoustic guitar with both a flanger and delay (don't knock it until you've tried it).

All elements of the effects can be changed, again in real time, so smart players will be able to bounce from delay to chorus and onto overdrive in live performances. It's a simple matter of using the front panel value slider of using a footswitch.

While programming or changing the effects, you can switch back to the original sound by hitting a 'compare' button.

Another neat thing about the effects box is that it allows you to choose the ratio of dry and effect sound in stereo. So you can, for example, have reverb coming out of one speaker and a dry sound from the other, or any combination in between.

The MI's sequencer is capable of storing 10 songs, each with up to eight tracks. These can be either internal and ROM sounds from the synth or from external MIDI devices.

The most basic way of inputting to the sequencer is in real time. You just choose the track, choose a sound, hit record and away you go. Then you choose another track and repeat the process while listening to the first track played back and so on.

It really is a simple system that requires very little mucking around to achieve satisfactory results. And although the memory is limited, it's possible to create complex arrangements quickly.

The only bugbear with the sequencer is the metronome light on the front panel. It's a smart idea to have a light that blips red for the first beat and green for other beats in the bar.

But the bloody light on our test model blipped on about quarter of a second too late each time which meant that our timing was slightly out.

It's not a huge gripe, and anyway, you can make the metronome click away audibly to keep you in time.

The MI has expandable architecture and Korg says new sounds will be issued on ROM cards soon. A rack version of the workstation is due to be released here by the end of the year.

BLUE STEEL

The hottest bass players are playing with cold strings these days. People like Guy Pratt (Pink Floyd), Phil Soussan (Ossie Osborne's band) and Carmine Rojas (David Bowie, Julian Lennon) rave about their new cryogenic strings:

Cryogenics — isn't that the process that keeps dead dudes intact until the medicos figure out a way to make us eternal?

Well, sort of. But cyrogenics is also a widely respected freezing process that has been used for years to make the tough and tiny components in Swiss watches and to treat cutting tools.

A couple of years ago, the Dean Markley company started experimenting with the possibility of cryogenically treating bass strings, to make them stronger and perhaps better sounding.

It wasn't an easy job. But by the middle of 1987, the testing resulted in a bass string that Dean Markley himself said had "a brighter tone and lasted longer than anything else available."

After being road-tested and approved by leading American bassists, the Blue Steel line was marketed to the world.

In the factory, the Blue Steel strings are frozen to minus 320 degrees Farenheit. Then they undergo a cleaning process and are sealed in airtight plastic bags.

The Blue Steel line includes extra light, light, medium light and medium gauge strings but other guages are expected soon. And the company is also working on a new range of cyrogenically-treated six-string products.

The Australian retail price is around $45.95 for a set of bass strings.

For more info contact C.M.I. on (03) 240 0242.

Buying an acoustic guitar

Acoustic and electric guitars are basically made the same. But because you are dealing with a hollow body design, you must pay careful attention to the craftsmanship of the acoustic guitar before you hand over your cash.

Manufacturers can use electronic gadgetry to mask the sound of a poorly constructed instrument. But that's not the case with the acoustic: how it sounds depends on how well it's been made.

The following facts should help when you purchase an acoustic guitar.

The Neck

1. Neck construction must be extremely rigid. Incorporating a dovetail joint and not a bolt design or a non-interlocking wood design.

2. As the guitar ages, neck warp inevitably appears. Purchase a guitar that has a truss rod that will allow you to correct any neck warp. A long truss rod will correct a larger area of the neck than a short truss rod.

The Frets

1. Frets should have a smooth feel with no rough edges or buzzing. Fret edges should be shaped and smoothed over to the side of the fingerboard.

2. Frets should be high-crowned as opposed to rounded, to permit a minimum contact between string and fret.

Tuning Machines

1. Enclosed tuning machines are preferred because they keep out dirt that can cause excessive wear on the gears and make them slip.

The Body

1. The most popular wood used for making the top of an acoustic guitar is spruce, because of its rich resonant and tonal qualities.

2. Sides and backs are commonly made from rosewood or mahogany, necks most often of mahogany and fingerboards of rosewood or ebony.

3. Binding work should be smooth and evenly applied to prevent warping, cracking and the introduction of moisture.

The Bridge

1. The bridge should be made of a strong wood and firmly affixed to the guitar, as it houses the bridge pins and the saddle.

2. The saddle must be made of a strong material like bone. Soft material like plastic will lead to irregular guide channels being carved into it.

The Interior

1. Brace-work should be tight, well cut, firmly affixed and properly sanded.

2. Treble side bracing should be tighter than bass side bracing in order to achieve an even volume output from the guitar.

3. Watch out for unsanded brace-work, rough edges and numerous spots of glue. Those are sure signs of a poorly constructed instrument.

The most important thing to remember when buying an acoustic guitar is the *sound* you get. There are so many different kinds of acoustic guitars with different types of woods and designs and accessories, and they all provide different sounds.

Therefore, it is up to you to decide what kind of sound you want.

By all means, take along your mate who's beeing playing for years, or ask advice from the salesperson.

Ultimately, *you* have to decide.

When you test out a guitar, how does it handle? How does it feel? Is the action even in all registers? Is the fingerboard comfortable? Does the interior reflect high quality work?

Always go out and try out a number of shops before you buy. Take you time when you're checking out the guitar. If the salesperson tires to rush you, put down the instrument and try another shop. After all, a salesperson who has faith in the quality of his/her stock will be quite prepared to wait for the sale.

MARK CROMELIN

NEXT WEEK

● Black Sorrows ● Bon Jovi Pt 2 ● Tav Falco ● Phil Collins
● Getting a haircut like a rock star ● Humdingers ● 1927

WANTED
BASS PLAYER, GUITARIST, KEYBOARDIST
Confident players needed for band. Playing contemporary and new age covers.
Robbie (03) 848 1655
Rod (03) 527 6685

FEMALE VOCALIST
Required for professional working cover band to share lead and backing vocals. Ability to harmonise and good stage appearance essential.
Michael (03) 375 1830
Graham (03) 772 8973

Band requires
MALE VOCALIST/FRONTMAN
Must have strong voice and be willing to work hard. Band doing songs from Chisel, Stones, Doors, etc. Playing 2-3 nights per week. Prefer age 18-25 with exper. Band has good contacts and prospects.
Pete (03) 306 4116
Geoff (03) 306 4891

Live ON STAGE

Joan Armatrading

Venue: Sports and Entertainment Centre, Melbourne

With a talent big enough to fill this large concert room and an ego small enough to echo intimacy from its tall walls, Joan Armatrading wanders through the past and future with an inviting hand of companionship.

Laid-back-and-personal works well for Armatrading, conveyed through her presence, lyrics and feel, providing a two hour reunion, for a relationship spanning more than a decade.

Overjoyed to see Armatrading meander on stage, old friends rush to the front and stay there in an incongruous display of affection, bathing in the long-lost magic of her musical conversation.

Taking her deep, rich voice on a journey through ballads, funk, rock and soul, the Armatrading set includes a wide cross-section of material from her dozen or so albums, providing a diverse range of dynamics and displaying/evoking an array of emotions.

With a modest stage set and superb sound, all attention is focused on the single voice, only occasionally shifting to admire the skill of her surrounding musicians.

A great guitarist in her own right, Armatrading's true charm lies in the modesty with which she conveys her gifted grasp of song, musicianship and voice. This is epitomised in a solo acoustic set, during which she fills the auditorium with adept picking, rich vocal trimbres, and THAT special, charismatic aura, which has projected her into a position demanding admirable respect. The acoustic jaunt includes a funked-up Van Morrison "Moondance" and a surprising solo version of "I Love It When You Call Me Names".

Other highlights include a rocked-out "Drop The Pilot" and a pensive version of her current single "The Shouting Stage".

Humble and happy, Armatrading has worked hard to forge a career based around simple, honest talent. Her bravery and tenacity has proved to be rewarding and —— I figure, from behind the loud ovation which follows the encore — rewarded.

— ROBBIE COATES

Call Joan names? (pic by Terese Schlitz)

Sacred Cowboys/Crashland

Venue: The Club, Melbourne

Behold! A night of holy aspirations and a blessed re-incarnation. Visions of past glories materialised into the crusades of 1988. From the ashes of Modern Jazz leapt Crashland with the hallowed westerners, Sacred Cowboys following to a triumphant welcome. History shows prophets shunned by non believers in home territory, but tonight a faithful few stood agape as two tablets of commandments were delivered.

Crashland are your parish priest's nightmare. Masquerading as believers in rock 'n' roll, Crashland have bent the rhythm and blues of the 50's with acid drenched lyrics, "... got no brains at all, must have lost them in the war", and thrashed into 1988 with an energy not often seen this side of twenty. As Lynn stalks the front of the stage, a new sex Kitt(en) is unearthed. Purring, yowling and hiccuping, Lynn isn't present for men's leering as she's adamant in scaring the hell out of them.

Reworkings of "Cherrybomb" and "Favourite Things" turn the songs into roaring pastiches of what they once were, yet remaining powerful and entertaining tunes ignoring their original sources.

Ash Wednesday's varied sampling keeps you from being quelled into a sense of security — as when you think you've defined their angle, Ash can belt out HM sounds, unlikely electro and in "Wild Man Blues" totally obscures some Leadbelly type guitar riff. The rhythm section play around in Suicide territory and Lynn even offers a few fedback guitar chords. Their bastardisation of "Plastic Jesus" falls in well with Crashland's own "Boom Boom" and pneumatic driven title song. Straight to the confessional after viewing this performance.

As I stepped toward the back to avoid the discomfort of being crushed by The Club's ill-placed tables — Sacred Cowboys graced the alter. Making everyone at ease. The Cowboys launched into the familiar, "Nothing Grows In Texas" proving that the classic remains immortal. Early in the set the band performed in a more controlled manner than in previous years. Newest Cowboy, Stefan's drumming style is less chaotic and Garry's presence, while still intimidating is more relaxed and his movements less manic and more heavily mannered. The sound of the band is slightly more countrified, though the addition of Ash's keyboard skills stop them strolling Mark and Terry's Slaughtermen terrain.

As the set progressed the music became louder and looser, current single "Trouble From Providence" and cover, "Run Run Run" begin a roll into an exuberant explosion of music. The stage is filled with movement as the Sacred Cowboys demolish their early passiveness. Finally in an exultant encore they totally rip through the raucous "Is Nothing Sacred". The Cowboys have lost none of their ability to entertain — if anything the period away has helped to tighten their performance and enabled them to unleash their rumbling chaos in a more directed manner. Cannonisation in our lifetime.

— ANDREW MAST

Painters & Dockers

Venue: Old Melbourne Hotel, Perth

Guitarist Vladimir Juric was explaining to the packed Perth crowd what had happened in Albany when the band arrived in WA to whip up enthusiasm for *Kiss My Art*.

A group of Christians had tried to stop the show, furious with the cover design parody of *The Last Supper*.

With that, the Painters & Dockers remained unrepentant as they tore into "Nude School" much to the delight of the crowd.

Painters & Dockers don't write songs, they write anthems. The guitars slashed around like cutlasses, the drums stuck like grip tape, and Paul Stewart lifted up his T-shirt and shook his wobbling beer gut, leering into the front row. Wow, now that's what I call *obscene!*

In just one minute and 17 seconds, the Melbourne outfit proved just why they are one of the most exhilirating, exciting and stupid live bands in this country. It's not pop, R&B, jazz, salsa, rap ... it's an aural menace that skateborads up your nose and does wheelies on your forehead. Painters & Dockers have been treading the boards for over five years, and wasn't it toothless old Eric Clapton who once muttered that a band should never last longer than five years.

Yet despite their "age", the Dockers still sweat buckets, still slam out loads of energy, still are as irreverent and dumb as when they started. "Die Yuppie Die" and "Safe Sex" probably went down the best (or loudest, with the masses), but P&D remain an even impact throughout their show.

— DOUG KESSELRING

Brothers Of Sodom

Venue: Kardomah Cafe, Sydney

Didja hear about the Midnight Rambler, everybody got to go!

OK, OK, it wasn't a *complete* surprise when Brothers Of Sodom turned out to be an impromptu half hour set from Jumpin' Mick Jagger and his hotshot band.

By four that afternoon, the whisper was about. I wonder how many of the 400 people really rolled up to pay $6 to see an unknown R&B band called Brothers Of Sodom or headliners The Johnnys.

About half an hour after the clock struck midnight, the Jagger band strolled onto the stage, virtually in the dark, and casually got stuck into some blues. Immediately you were struck not with the fact that a Living Legend was on a stage so close to you, but just how HOT the band was. Joe Satriani, in particular, was dazzling with his versatility and taste but you could hardly fault the rhythm section of Doug Wimbish (bass) and Simon Phillips (drums). Jagger's vocals were rough (not that they've ever been sweet) but such was the man's charisma that no-one noticed.

Back in the late '60s, when the Rolling Stones influence was probably at its peak, writer Richard Neville made the observation that we're all Stones fans, whether we're aware of it or not. Personally the Stones haven't meant much to me for much of the '80s, but there's certainly something spinetingling hearing well-worn white R&B standards like "Brown Sugar" and "It's Only Rock 'n' Roll" performed by the original voice and writer, as well as Hendrix's "Foxy Lady" on which Satriani excelled. The crowd screamed, hollered, sang along, drenched themselves with beer and wiped sentimental tears away. In a way, it wasn't the familiar looking man wearing jeans, and red shirt unbuttoned to reveal a purple T-shirt who was the star of the night. It was the songs; and when the crowd — pissed, exhilarated and crushing towards the stage — hollered for an encore, Satriani pulled out the chords to "Honky Tonk Women" and the others in the band — Jimmy Ripp (rhythm guitar) Philip Ashley (keyboards) and the three man backing singers — fused with second energy and a fresh wind burned through the song.

Obviously people would have stayed all night to listen, but after 1am, they stopped, and a sweating Jagger struggled through autograph seekers and back-slappers to get out of the club and back into his limo.

— SIMON MAYNARD

Jamaican Nite

Venue: Paddington Town Hall, Sydney

The black music scene in Sydney becomes more exciting as the barriers between reggae, funk and soul break down to become one pulsating swirl of sound.

More importantly, such diversity attracts very large crowds, and what use is this kind of music if there's no big audience to get communal about?

Kalabash were complemented by Mataqali's singer **Ras Ron** and obviously fighting fit after their recent stint at Expo. I thought starting off with two lumbering instrumentals a bit unwise but they soon settled into a groove. Theirs was a competent and often enjoyable set, particularly during "I Shot The Sheriff" when Ras Ron boasted *"I shot President Botha right between the eyes, yes I shot apartheid"*, and then two of their own numbers "Calypso Got Soul" and "Hot Hot Hot" which warmed up the growing crowd.

Mataqali Music worked hard for their audience reaction. They still lack their own identity because they still do a lot of covers but their playing has improved tremendously and so has their stage fun. Who else would combine Third World's "Now That We Found Love" with the Bacardi Rum TV ad, who else could encompass reggae's puritanism ("Roots Rock Reggae") with its pop flirtations ("Red Red Wine") and still sound so credible?

Throughout the night, the crowd became more ecstatic, the stage energy levels more intense. Kalabash joined them to whip things up, and the night hit its peak with "Stire It Up", when singers **Pat Powell** and **Eric** (ex-Nashbenzi) expanded the lineup and skilfully stretched the song with much skanking and hoots, urged on by the crowd. Mataqali Music then previewed their new single — a reggaefied rendition of Madonna's "Holiday" -which they've sensibly titled "Reggae Holiday", and the crowd then trickled out. Through the night the organisers managed to maintain a steady fuse, locking the bands in with the Sound Maker Disco with MC Danny Ranking. The black music scene in Sydney is exploding in a huge way and is still generally ignored by the white rock media in this town.

— PETER WALSH

Gig Guide

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N.S.W.

ADDICTIVE
1 Hills Inn
ALLNITERS
28 St James Tavern, 29 Revesby Roundhouse, 1 Manly Hotel
B.B. STRUTT
30 Hills Inn Tavern
BEATNIX
28 Carmens, 29 Sweethearts, 1 Mt Pritchard Comm Club, 2 Bombay Roxk Newcastle
BIG BOYS
28 Sutherland Royal Hotel
BITS OF KIDS
1 Sutherland Royal Hotel

BOSSANOVA KIDS
27 Kardomah Cafe, 29 Banjos, 1 Manly Hotel
JOE CAMILLERI & THE BLACK SORROWS
29 Kardomah Cafe, 30 Fannys, 1 Harbourside Brasserie, 2 Moby Dicks

CANDY HARLOTS
30 Hills Centre, 1 The Venue
THE CHANT
27 Kardomah Cafe
COCKROACHES
30 The Venue, 2 Ettalong RSL

COLOUR BLUE
28,29 Harbourside Brasserie
CRASH POLITICS
29 Manly Hotel, 30,1 Sydney Cove Tavern
CROKOK
1 Hills Inn
BILLY DANIELS
29,30,1,2 Twin Towns Services Club

DIRTY WHITE BOYS
27 Sheilas Tavern, 1 Hills Centre
SLIM DUSTY
27 Bourke Recreation Hall
DUTIFUL DAUGHTERS
1 Hopetoun Hotel

ENORMOUS HORNS
30 The Venue

MAL EASTICK BAND
27 Manly Hotel, 28 North Wollongong Hotel, 29 Bombay Rock, 30 Tuggeronong Rugby Club, 1 Banjos, 2 Lucys Tavern

EVERYS
39 Kardomah Cafe, 30 Annandale Hotel, 1 The Brink, 2 Lansdowne Hotel
THE FAITH
1 Sydney Cove Tavern
FESTA FANATICS
1 Hills Inn
F.O.O.D.
30 The Brink
THE GENERATION
28 Grand Hotel, Bondi Junction, 29 Tracks, Epping, 30 Palaise Royale, Newcastle, 1 Huskisson RSL, 2 Commercial Hotel, Balmain
GO BETWEENS
1 Caringbah Inn

GOLD ZEPPELIN
29 Ingelburn RSL, 30 Rooty Hill RSL, 1 Stags
GO 101
29 St James Ta;vern, 1,2 Kardomah Cafe
HAPPY HATE ME NOTS
29 Electric Ballroom
ROLF HARRIS
28 Goulburn Workers' Club, 29 Griffith Rec Theatre, 30 Wagga Civic Centre

HIPSLINGERS
30 Sydney Cove Tavern
HUMMINGBIRDS
30 Sydney Cove Tavern, 1 Sutherland Royal Hotel
INSANE BOMBERS
2 Sutherland Royal Hotel
INSIGHT
30 Collector Tavern, 1 Poplars, Taree, 2 West Tamworth Leagues Club
INVISIBLE INC
28 Manly Hotel, 29 All Nations Club, 30 Moby Dicks, 1 Fathers, 2 Darling Harbour (arvo)
THE JOHNNYS
1,2 Maxs, Petersham Inn

JIMMY & THE BOP CATS
29 Northgong Hotel, 30 Catherine Fields Country Club, 1 Electric Ballroom, Ermington
JUMP BACK JACK
27 The Brink, 28 Valley Inn Hotel
KENT
30 Harold Park Hotel
KINGS CROSS
30 Banjos
KITZUM
30 Rooty Hill RSL
ED KUEPPER & THE YARD GOES ON FOREVER
28 Feathers, 29 Banjos, 30 Kardomah Cafe, 1 Caringbah Inn
LIME SPIDERS
26 Baulkham Hills Sports, 27 James Craig Tavern
LITTLE RIVER BAND
27 Tamworth Workers' Club, 28 Newcastle Workers'. 29 Bathurst Civic Centre, 30 Orange Ex Services Club, 2 Shellharbour Workers' Club
MACHINATIONS
27 Cannonball Express, 28 Coffs Harbour Ex Services Club, 29 Grafton District Services
MASS APPEAL
27 St James Tavern
THE MOFFS
28 Collegians Football Club, 1 Harold Park Hotel
MY THREE SONS
28 Newcastle Workers'
PARTYBOYS
29 Fannys, 1 Bankstown RSL, 2 Rooty Hill RSL
RADIATORS
2 Balmain RSL Club
RAGING WATERS
28 Sheilas Tavern
RHYTHM RATS
30 S.S. & A. Club, 1 Ettamogah Pub (arvo), 1 Lavington Sports Club (night), 2 Paradise Lost
ROARING JACK
30 Harold Park Hotel

SCARY BILL
1,2 Kardomah Cafe
SCHNELL FENSTER
30 The Venue, 1,2 Kardomah Cafe
SECRET SOCIETY
30 Kardomah Cafe, Kings Cross
SENSATIONAL ROCKET 88'S
28 Harbourside Brasserie
SHRINKING VIOLETS
1 Hopetoun Hotel
SKIN GAME
29 Hunters Hill Hotel
SKOLARS
30 Paddington RSL
SMALL TOYS
28 Castle Tavern, Newcastle, 30 Toronto Workers' Club, 1 Dungog
SPARKLERS
27 Bombay Rock, 30 St Paul's College
SPLIFFS
27 Bombay Rock, 28 St James' Tavern, 29 Revesby Roundhouse, 1 Hills Centre
SPY V SPY
28 Revesby Roundhouse, 29 Electric Ballroom, 30 Hills Centre, 1 The Venue
S.S.D.C.
27 St James' Tavern
STEPPIN OUT
30 Hills Inn
SUNDOGS
28 Revesby Roundhouse, 1 Sydney Cove Tavern
DONNIE SUTHERLAND
30 Players' Night Club
TALL TALES
30 Sydney Cove Tavern
TRILOBITES
29 Manly Hotel, 1 Sydney Cove Tavern, 2 Caringbah Inn
VIOLET TOWN
30 Sydney Cove Tavern
VOODOO LUST
30 Banjos, 1 Annandale Hotel
VOYEUR
29 St James' Tavern
WILD ARMADILLOS
30 The Brink
STEVIE WRIGHT
30 Baulkham Hills Sports Club
YOUNG BLOOD
30,1 Sydney Cove Tavern

● Sydney's White Cross will be launching thier new single *Don't Break Their Hearts* at ID's in Greville Street, Prahran (in Melbourne) on Thursday, September 29. You can also catch them at the Barwon Club Hotel, Geelong on Friday the 30th.

Victoria

AFRODISA
26 City Square, 29 Downtown Club
ANGELICA (EX IONDRIVE)
30 Bell St, Rock
ANIMAL
27 Tok-H, Toorak
APE THE CRY
29 Central Club, 1 CUB Club, Collingwood
ASTROS
30 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 1 Corner Hotel, Richmond
AUSTRALIAN BEATLES SHOW
28 Lady Bay Hotel, Warrnambool, 29 4-D Club, St Albans Hotel, 30 Kerang Hotel, 1 Bridge Hotel, Mildura, 2 Nicabelas, Malvern
BACK TO SCRATCH
30 Centre Club Hotel, Morwell
BAKER BROS
1 The Underground, City
BEGGERMAN THIEF
1 The Palace

THE BELLHOPS
1 CUB Club, Collingwood
THE BLACKBIRDS
30 Middle Park Hotel
BLACKTULIPS
30 Club For Heroes, Carlton
THE BRAIN DONORS
30 The Tote, Collingwood
BRAVE NEW WORLD
30 Ferntree Gully, Hotel
THE BREAKERS
29 Moonee Ponds Tavern, 1 Richmond Social Club
THE BREAKNECKS
28 Queens Arms Hotel, St Kilda
SCOTT BUCHANAN
30 Bush Inn Hotel, 1 The Regent Hotel, City
CARBON 14
29 Monash Hotel Clayton, 1 Somerville Hotel
CARMEN SUITE
1 Centre Club Hotel Morwell
THE CHALLENGE
29 Sheilas Tavern
COMPANY B
29 Riveside Inn, 1 Tok-H, Toorak
CRASH THE PARTY
30 Central Club, Brighton, 1 Wayside Inn, Sth Melbourne
STEPHEN CUMMINGS
LOVETOWN
30,1 The Club, Collingwood
DEAR ENEMY
30 Velvets Night Club, Bendigo
DOUBLE CROSS
1 Middle Park Hotel
JON ENGLISH & THE FOSTER BROTHERS
27 Velvets Nightclub, Bendigo, 28 Wool Exchange, Geelong, 29 Cramers, 30 Mentone Hotel, 1 Village Green Hotel, 2 Foresters Arms Hotel
EPIDEMIC
30 Bell St, Rock
THE FABS
29 Lincolnshire Arms, Essendon, 30 Oakleigh Hotel, 1 Arnolds, Chadstone, 2 Golden Gate Hotel, Sth Melbourne
MARTY FIELDS
26,28 The Regent Hotel, City, 29 Bush Inn Hotel
THE GIANTS
Provincial Hotel, Ballarat
GIMIX
29 Sir Henry Barkly Hotel, Heidelberg, 30 Nicabelas, Malvern, 1 Flite Deck, Essendon Airport, 2 Royal Hotel, Ferntree Gully
KEITH GLASS
27 Tok-H, Toorak
G.O.D.
30 Bell St Rock
GOE TO WOE
30 Burke County, Sth Melbourne, 1 Memphis Club, Bulleen (arvo)
DAVE GRAY
30 The Regent Hotel, City
GROWNUPS
29 Corner Hotel, Richmond, 30 The Palace, 1 Middle Park Hotel, 2 Mentone Hotel
HAPPY HATE ME NOTS
30 The Palace, 1 Old Greek Theatre, Richmond
JON HOLLAND
27 The Regent Hotel, City, 28 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 29 Dava Hotel, Mt Martha, 30,1 Zacz Restaurant, 2 Dava Hotel, Mt Martha
HOODOO GURUS
29 21st Century Dance Club, 30 The Palace, 1 Sandown Park Hotel, 2 Ocean Grove Hotel

HOT GOSSIP
29 Candy Store Tavern, Brunswick, 30 Beverly Hills Bar, Sth Melb, 1 The Tunnel, City
HOUSEROCKERS
30 Sheilas Tavern
I SWIM
20,2 Mentone Hotel
JABULANI
26 Grainstore Tavern, 29 Chevron, 30 Billboard, 1 Italo/Australian Club, Sunshine
MAGGIE JACKSON
28 Churchers, Richmond, 30,1 Reef Restaurant, City
JANZ
29 Billboard, 30 The Refinery, Geelong, 1 Zanies, City
JOHNNIE FAVOURITE
28 Zanies, City, 2 The Underground, City
FRANK JONES & THE WHOLE TOWN
30 CUB Club, Collingwood
JUST FOR LAUGHS
1 Sheilas Tavern
PAUL KEELAN
29 The Regent Hotel, City
CHRIS KENNA BAND
2 The Tote, Collingwood
KOPY KATZ
1 The Underground, City
LIVING PROOF
30 Langwarrin Hotel
LONDON NEW YORK PARIS
28,29 The Underground, City
LONELY BOYS
28 Intrepid Fox Tavern, Sth Melbourne, 29 Tankerville Arms, 30 Bensons Tavern, 1 Her Majestys
LOST BOYS
30 Evelyn Hotel, Fitzroy
LSD
30 Club For Heroes, Carlton
STEVE LUCAS
1 Middle Park Hotel
THE MACGUFFINS
29 Evelyn Hotel, Fitzroy
LARRY MALUMA & KALIMBA
1 Survival Reggae Club, Sydneham Hotel
THE MARNIES
1 Evelyn Hotel, Fitzroy
OLLIE MARTIN
27 Tok-H, Toorak
MATAHARI
1 Survival Reggae Club
MEN WITHOUT SHAME
30 Provincial Hotel, Ballarat
MOJO BLUES BAND
1 Cafe Jammin, Pier Hotel, Port Melb
MARGARET MORRISON QUARTET
27 The Regent Hotel, City
MUNSTER TERRACE
28 Shoppingtown Hotel, Doncaster, 30 Baxter Tavern
THE NAZZ
27 Edwards Tavern, 28 Grainstore Tavern, 29 Falcons Nest, North Melb, 1 Francis Hotel, City
NEO CLASSIQUE
1 The Mail Hotel, 2 The Met, Nth Melbourne
NICK BARKER'S REPTILES
30 Middle Park Hotel, 1 Sandown Park Hotel
NO RUSH
1 Centre Club Hotel, Morwell
THE NUBILES
1 Caledonian Hotel, Wonthaggi, 29 Chasers
PAINTERS & DOCKERS
29 Chasers, 30 Royal Hotel, Drouin, 1 Music Station
PARTY ANIMALS
2 Corner Hotel, Richmond

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Gig Guide

PERRY MASON & THE SUSPECTS
1 Parkview Hotel
TRACEY ROBERTS
1 Bush Inn Hotel
ROCK STEADY
28 Oakleigh Hotel, 29 Bensons Tavern, 30 Intrepid Fox Tavern, Sth Melb, 1 Dingley International Hotel, 2 Merton Rush Notel, Morwell
STAN ROFE
30 Menzies Tavern, 1 Bayswater Hotel
RUNNING BEARS
28 Parkview Hotel
SCARY BILL
28 Parramatta Leagues Club, 30 Sandringham Hotel, 1,2 Kardomah Cafe
SCREAMING AT PIGEONS
30 The Tote, Collingwood
SCREAMING TRIBESMEN
30,1 Corner Hotel, Richmond
SENSATION ROCKET 88'S
1 Performing Arts Centre, Geelong
SEVEN
2 Punters Club Hotel, Fitzroy
BRODERICK SMITH BAND
1 Prince of Wales Hotel, St Kilda, 2 Parkview Hotel
PHIL SMITH
1 The Underground, City
SPOT THE AUSSIE
27 Intrepid Fox Tavern, Sth Melbourne, 1 Prince of Wales (avo), 3 Esplanade Hotel
THE STRAND
30 Music Station
STEALERS
30 Parkview Hotel
SUDAFED
30 Bell St Rock
THE SUSPECT HORNS & CHORUS
1 Parkview Hotel
THE SWARM
1 Evelyn Hotel, Fitzroy
SWINGSHIFT
28 Velvets, Bendigo, 29 Mentone Hotel, 30 Forresters Arms Hotel, 1 The Palace, 2 Corner Hotel, Richmond
TEACHERS PETS
28 Central Hotel, Brighton, 1 Nicabelas, Malvern, 2 21st Century Dance Club, Frankston
TEMPLE OF BOOM
1 Intrepid Fox Tavern, Sth Melbourne
THESE FUTURE KINGS
29 Evelyn Hotel, Fitzroy
THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO
29 Parkview Hotel
TIGRESS
29 The Tote, Collingwood, 3o Lindhurst Club, East Brunswick
TOOTIEVILLE
28 Punters Club Hotel, Fitzroy
THE TRIMMERS
30 Flite Deck, Essendon Airport, 1 Astradome, Traralgon
TROUSER SNAKE
1 Shoppingtown Hotel, Doncaster
TURBO TRIO
27 Tok-H, Toorak
2112
30 McKinnon Hotel
TYRNAROUND
28 Queens Arms Hotel, St Kilda
UP ALL NIGHT
30 Royal Derby, Fitzroy, 1 Zanies, City
VACATION IN HARLEM
2 Barwon Heads Hotel, Barwon Heads
VENETIANS
28 Lavington Sports Club, 29 Her Majestys Hotel, 30 Music Station, 1 Sir Henry Barklay Hotel, 2 Mentone Hotel
VIRGIN SOLDIERS
29 Mentone Hotel, 30 Post Office Hotel, 1 Welshpool Hotel
THE WET ONES
30 Club For Heroes, Carlton
WHITE X
29 I.D.'s, Prahran, 30 Barwon Club Geelong, 1 Middle Park Hotel
CHRIS WILSON'S CROWN OF THORNS
1 Middle Park Hotel
THE WINDSCREEN WIPERS
30 The Tote, Collingwood
THE WRECKERY
30 Prince of Wales Hotel
YOUR SHOUT
1 Langwarrin Hotel

Queensland

DAVE DOBBYN
30 River Stage, Expo, 1 The Patch, 2 Villa Noosa
MACHINATIONS
30 River Stage, Expo, 1 The Patch, 2 Villa Noosa
1927
30 River Stage, Expo, 1 Seagulls, 2 Villa Noosa
SCARY BILL
26 Brisbane Entertainment Centre
GEORGE SMILOVICI
27 Roxannes, Rockhampton, 28 Paradise Nights, Mackay, 29 Hamilton Island, 30 Dalrymple Hotel, 1 Playpen, Cairns, 2 Silvers, Port Douglas

West. Aust.

BITCH'S BREW
30 Malthouse Tavern
BREAKERS
30 Rockwells
JETS
29 Cloverdale, 30 Warwick, 1 Raffles
PARIS
30 Rockwells

South. Aust.

MORNING GLORY
29 Colonnades Tavern

GTV CONCERT TOURS

INXS
October 13, 14: Brisbane Entertainment Centre
October 21, 22: Memorial Drive, Adelaide
October 26, 27, 28, 29: Sydney Entertainment Centre
October 31, Nov 1, 2, 3: Melbourne Tennis Centre
November 8, 9: Perth Entertainment Centre

JOHN FARNHAM
November 12: Rymill Park (Adelaide)
November 17: Bruce Stadium (Canberra)
November 24: Brisbane Entertainment Centre
November 29: Sydney Entertainment Centre
November 30: Sydney Entertainment Centre
November 7: Perth Entertainment Centre
December 15, 16: National Tennis Centre (Melbourne)

INTERNATIONAL TOURS

MICK JAGGER
September 26, 27, 29: Entertainment Centre, Sydney
October 1: Entertainment Centre, Sydney
October 6, 7, 14, 15: National Tennis Centre, Melbourne
October 10, 11: Burswood Superdome, Perth
October 17: Melbourne National Tennis Centre

JOE COCKER
September 27: Apollo Entertainment Centre, Adelaide
September 30: Perth Entertainment Centre

DON McLEAN
September 28, 29, 30: Hilton International Hotel, Melbourne
October 1: Hilton International Hotel, Melbourne

WHITNEY HOUSTON
October 22: Melbourne National Tennis Centre
October 25: Bruce Stadium, Canberra
October 31: Perth Entertainment Centre
November 7: Sydney Entertainment Centre
November 11: Brisbane Entertainment Centre

RUN DMC
November 11: Melbourne Festival Hall
November 12: Horden Pavilion, Sydney (over 18's)
November 13: Horden Pavilion, Sydney

UNDERWORLD
October 25: Bunbury Hotel, Bunbury, W.A.
October 26: Club Terrace, Fremantle, W.A.
October 27: The Stadium, Perth
October 28: Old Lion, Adelaide
October 30: 21st Century Dance Club, Frankston, Vic
October 31: The Palace, Melbourne
November 2: Sheilas, North Sydney
November 3: The Venue, Dee Why, Sydney
November 4: Tiffanys, Blacktown, Sydney
November 5: Bankstown RSL, Sydney
November 8, 9: St James Tavern, Sydney
November 10: Newcastle
November 11: The Roxy, Brisbane
November 12: Chevron, Gold Coast

BRYAN FERRY
October 21: Sydney Entertainment Centre
November 4: National Tennis Centre, Melbourne
November 7: Adelaide Festival Theatre
November 11: Perth Entertainment Centre

FOREIGNER
September 26: Brisbane Entertainment Centre

DAVID LEE ROTH
October 12: Melbourne Tennis Centre
October 15: Adelaide Thebarton Theatre
October 18: Sydney Entertainment Centre
October 19: Canberra Bruce Stadium
October 22: Brisbane Entertainment Centre

BROS
October 28: National Tennis Centre, Melbourne
October 31: Brisbane Entertainment Centre
November 3: Sydney Entertainment Centre

AMERICA
September 27: Canberra School of Music
September 28: Parramatta Leagues Club
September 29: Tamworth West Leagues Club
September 30: Seagulls F.L.F.C.
October 1: Seagulls F.L.F.C.
October 2: Ballina RSL
October 4: Port Maquarie RSL
October 5, 6: Balmain Leagues Club
October 7: Ferntree Gully Hotel, Vic
October 8: The Palace, St Kilda, Vic
October 9: 21st Century Dance Club, Vic
October 11: Wagga Rules Club, NSW
October 12: Revesby Workers Club, NSW
October 13: Dapto Leagues Club, NSW
October 14, 15: St George Leagues Club
October 16: Newcastle Workers Club

MONTEREY JAZZ
October 1: Lyric Theatre, Brisbane (1.30pm)
October 1: Concern Hall, Brisbane (2.00pm)
October 4: Apollo Entertainment Centre, Adelaide
October 6: Melbourne Entertainment Centre
October 8: Sydney Sports Centre

JIMMY BUFFETT
November 2: Newcastle Civic Centre
November 4: Brisbane Festival Hall
November 5: Sydney Entertainment Centre
November 8: Adelaide Thebarton Theatre
November 10: Melbourne Concert Hall
November 12: Perth Entertainment Centre

THE MONKEES
September 27-30: Burswood Casino, Perth
October 1: Queens Park Theatre, Geraldton
October 4, 5: Hobart Convention Centre, Wrest Point
October 6: Princess Theatre, Launceston
October 7: Melbourne Entertainment Centre
October 8: Adelaide Festival Theatre
October 12: Newcastle Civic Centre
October 13: State Theatre, Sydney
October 16: Blazes Entertainment Centre, West Tamworth L.C.

TAV FALCO'S PANTHER BURNS
October 7: Selinas, Sydney
October 11: A.N.U. Canberra
October 12: T.B.A.
October 13: Chasers, Melbourne
October 14: Prince of Wales, Melbourne
October 15: Old Greek Theatre, Melbourne

STING
November 7: Perth Entertainment Centre
November 10: Adelaide Memorial Drive
November 12: Melbourne Tennis Centre
November 16: Brisbane Entertainment Centre
November 18, 19: Sydney Entertainment Centre

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What I'm looking for are easy going, reliable people who want to make some extra cash, and are not too proud to play anything from country to rock 'n' roll. If you live for music, please do not apply. I have a small PA and an average voice, I need a drummer, bassist, lead guitar. Preferably with backing vocals
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DRUMMER
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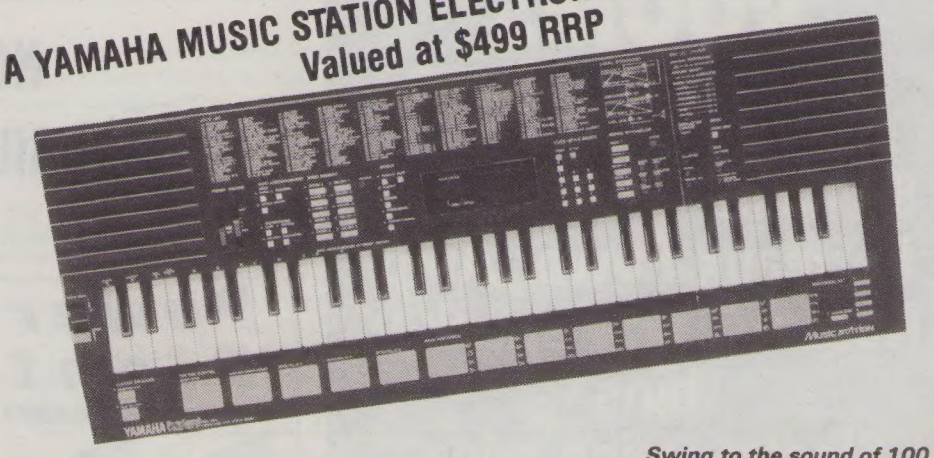

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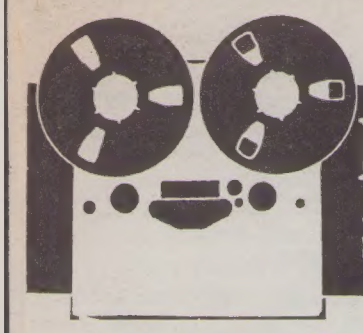

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As of issue 702 on sale 3rd October this section will be divided into separate Victorian and New South Wales sections and of course other states when necessary. We will also attempt to categorise ads eg: PA ads together, Studios together etc, where possible.
For NSW advertisers our new Sydney office number is (02) 29 6271

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THURSDAY 10 NOVEMBER
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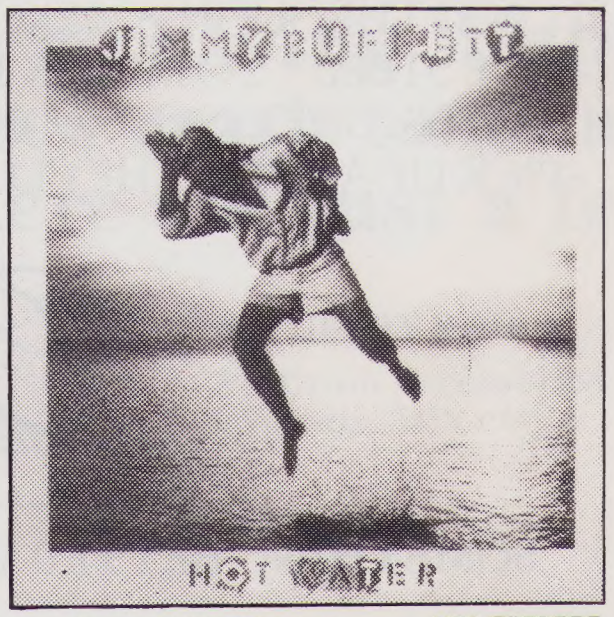
SATURDAY 12 NOVEMBER
PERTH ENTERTAINMENT CENTRE



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*Rita Coolidge is unable to perform at Newcastle.

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